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BEST TIME FOR L.A. • **CHARLES** **WORTH** • **THE GREAT** **DECEPTION** • **WILL** **MAJOR**

ABOUT GIRLS—AND HOW TO MEET THEM • **A FULL COLOR PARADE** **OF CAVALCADE'S CAST**

BUDDY HACKETT'S FIGHT TO WIN IN L.A. • **THE** **MOVIE**

CAVALCADE

A Panorama Of Pleasure For Men

AUGUST, 1962

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THE GREAT DECEPTION

BY WILL MASON

"Treat my neighbor as thyself," is one of the Golden Rules, but in some instances, its literal application can create unusual relationships.

The Nelsons and the Bakers were near-neighbors. They held quite a few points in common. Though there was a decided difference in their temperaments, couple to couple, their backgrounds were similar enough, so they got along well together. They were college people, in their late twenties, bright, well-mannered, well-read, and fully committed to modern life.

Temperamentally, the couples were opposites, polar, miles apart. The Nelsons were dancers, golfers, night-clubbers. They played tennis, and swam often in the Summer, camped, hiked and fished in the Fall, went ice-skating, skiing and bowling in the Winter, and felt Spring to be more than just the end of winter.

The Bakers were of a less physical bent. They were readers, classicists and thinkers. They played bridge and chess, charades and cribbage, attended galleries and museums, wrote letters-to-the-editor, attended numerous concerts and lectures, seminars, conferences and conclaves. Where the Nelsons considered life to be a game to be played for whatever rewards it bestows, the Bakers saw life as a mysterious question to be probed, dissected and analyzed until it should give up its secret.

The couples supplemented each other in perfect accord with the law of opposites. George Nelson was an electrical engineer, extroverted, well-liked on the job and likely to go up in his firm. Perhaps he would not reach the "top"; but he would surely go far enough to satisfy his modest ambitions.

His wife, Shelia, was a high school English teacher, but not very likely to be thought of as a schoolmarm. Her students, especially the boys, never forgot what they learned during one of her poetry readings. After first licking her full lips, and leaning casually on the edge of her

desk, her delivery was more of a stirring dramatic presentation than a recitation. It was a rare high school boy who did not find an unexpected sensitivity to poetry, develop a deep appreciation for literature and an empirical understanding of Romance, during one of Shelia Nelson's readings. The girls in the class said the readings were nice. They also remarked, a trifle pointedly, that anybody could tell that she wore contact lenses.

Percy Baker was a psychologist. He was quite contented with his researches on phobias at a local college and turned down tempting offers from private industry almost automatically.

While he liked George Nelson, he felt that George was a little too loud and perhaps just a bit dull along the edges of his mind. He wondered if Shelia didn't find George a trace boring. He often wondered about Shelia. That is . . . well, anybody could see that she was very active mentally. When thinking about Shelia Nelson, Percy tried to confine his thoughts to her cerebral properties. It was a tremendous task in spite of the fact that he prided himself on his mental discipline. When confronted with the vessel that contained Shelia's mind, he

was barely able to muster any sort of discipline. Not, of course, that he was dissatisfied with his wife, Agnes.

Agnes was a biochemist engaged in protein research at the same college where Percy conducted his researches. Agnes was certainly quite bright if not brilliant. She was, Paul frequently reminded himself, a remarkable woman and the perfect complement to his mind. But, he sometimes conjectured, one might discover a certain excitement in the romantically prone that was lacking in the scientifically inclined. Of course, he always concluded, it was all in the mind; which was where Percy spent most of his time. When not engrossed in his work at the college, he filled his time with other cranial pursuits. He was a mental hobbyist. Zen, yoga, black and white magic and most recently experiments in extra-sensory perception and astral projection filled his leisure time. After a great deal of practice and concentration he was developing mastery at astral projection.

A few nights before, after looking over at Agnes's sleeping form and wondering which amino acids were being silently arranged in her orderly dreams, he had entranced himself,

freed his mind from his body and left their bedroom. Weightlessly, he went downstairs and out into his front yard. It was as far as he had allowed himself to go in his pre-trance instructions. He wanted to be absolutely sure of his control before venturing further. But tonight he was sure of himself. Tonight the world, he had told himself. So, standing disembodied in his front yard, he thought, I might as well go down to the corner.

He went down the street toward the corner where a lamppost stood guard over the Maple Street sign and a mailbox. He stopped at the corner, looked around for a moment and started back toward his house. He was just passing the Nelsons' house when it struck him that it might in some way benefit his experiments if he were to drop in on one of his neighbors. He was not sure how such a visit could benefit his experiment; but he decided that it wouldn't hurt. Might be fun, he thought. Percy was feeling light-headed, freer, exalted, perhaps a bit roguish, not quite himself. What the hell. The Nelsons were old friends. He was often a visitor in their home and always warmly received, he thought. Of course, I bring a good deal of the heat with me, he thought immediately afterward. The second thought indicated that his control was slipping; but he was oddly unperturbed. He entered the house and stood for a moment in the darkness, then headed toward the top of the stairs where there was light, radio music and the sound of running water. He stopped just inside the bedroom door. George was out of sight in the bathroom that joined the room, probably washing his face from the noises that drifted out into the bedroom. Shelia was leaning over the dresser brushing her hair. Percy had not imagined that her hair would be so long when let down. It fell to a point between the soft curves of her shoulder blades, covering the nape of her neck, which was apparently the only part of her that went covered to bed. She straightened suddenly, stretched up on her toes into a yawn



"She's an exhibitionist. Doesn't even know other girls get paid to pose."

(Continued on page 53)

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Dear Editor:

Concerning your article, "If It's Classical, It's Clean," by Morton J. Golding in the June issue: I still say if it's dirty it's dirty—classical or not—and to Hell with it. Too many people are getting away with *%\$#@* language. What in the *%\$#@ are they trying to do? Where is their *%\$#@ sense of morality? All those *%\$#@ prurient writers—this country doesn't need those *%\$#@ filthy stories and gags they write. *%\$#@ them all!

John Frost
Chicago, Ill.

Tsk, tsk!! You should wash out that ball-point pen of yours with a very strong detergent!!

Dear Editor:

"The Great Duel of the Roman Love Masters," by James Archer in your last issue was really quite an interesting sidelight upon the lives of the Romans during the decline of their empire. It makes me laugh when critics of our present age call us "decadent" and try to compare our age in terms of the Rome of that day. Those spectacles made the wildest Minsky productions seem like kindergarten charades.

Sincerely yours,
Holman Tappan
Holland, Mich.

Yeah, but did you ever go to certain Greenwich Village parties?

Dear Editor:

James Archer's piece, "The Great Duel of the Roman Love Masters," described the groovy Roman scene so well that I and my buddies wish for

just one thing—a Time Machine.

Hopefully,
Sgt. Lawrence Tipton
7th Army
West Germany

Sorry, we have had our reservation in before we published the piece. Better luck next time.

Dear Editor:

By a strange coincidence, I'm sure, you mention the Neat 'n' Clean Maid Service in your story "Squibb Gets It Maid," by Clark Wiswell in the June, 1962, issue of your magazine. You imply that the maid in this story was—to put it mildly—a woman of loose morals. Our lovely maids, of course, are nothing of the kind. Our girls, all of whom are 5' 5" to 5' 9" and weigh from 125 to 150 lbs., are young, healthy specimens noted for the fine, energetic vigor they put into their jobs. Bachelors swear by them. Nobody, they claim, can make a bedroom so comfy and cozy as our lovely Patricia, a wholesome young red-headed maid (once a runner-up in the Miss Grapefruit of 1959 contest). Always on call to do a thorough workman like job—even between the hours of 12 p.m. and 9 a.m.—our eager lasses are known to put out every bouncy ounce of their abundant energies into making a bachelor's life easier, pleasanter and lots more fun. Our blonde Lori (once a Hollywood starlet and a Las Vegas performer) has applied herself especially to the techniques of making bachelors want to come home to their bachelors' apartments.

Dear Editor:

Oh that luscious Betty Harmon! If she was the only gal in your June,

'62 issue, it would still have been more than worth the price!

Betty is certainly a Harmon-y of all that any guy with red corpuscles in his vein could ever want. A body . . . oh what a body . . . that could melt down a glacier into ice-water then turn it into steam. And a face . . . "One picture is worth 10,000 words"—particularly if they're *my* words. So, if you would like to keep me from raving on and on, if you'd like to shut me up for good, *please, please*, more pictures of Beautiful Betty.

Your Ever-Lovin' Reader,
Wesley Sanford,
Boise, Idaho

Our girls are expert in handling any job, big or small, whether it is doing a thorough overhauling for a bachelor or just occasional piece work. Our young, blue-eyed Viking, Inge (40"-22-40"), for example, will even be glad to haul your ashes.

All our girls have noticeably outstanding personalities, and have proven wholly satisfactory to their well-pleased clients. We would be delighted to service you.

Sincerely yours,
Pally Odler, Pres.
Neat 'n' Clean Maid Service
(Address Withheld)

We have withheld the address for obvious reasons. But, we can tell you that Miss Pally Odler herself, has the well-earned reputation of being one of the greatest housekeepers of all time.

Dear Editor:

Fascinating story that one called "The Man Who Could See Through Women," by Don Moffitt. Tell Mr. Moffitt that there's a lot of chocolate bars for his gnomes—and a lot of sugar for him—if he can give me the name of that subway station where he met the gnome who gave his character the miraculous specs. I am sorely in need of such a pair myself.

Eagerly,
T. Manville

There was no address, no first name. So, we can't say, "Yes, it is who you think it might be." We wish we knew ourselves.

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Meet Kitty Randall



(Continued on page 44)





Herbert Jelliman believed in physical love.

He believed in it with a profound and abiding faith. To Herbert, physical love was the New Religion, the Power of Positive Lust, and the Great Psychotherapeutic Panacea for all mankind's (as well as Herbert Jelliman's) woes. If there was a heaven to be had, Herbert was convinced that it was located somewhere in the vicinity of the altar of Venus.

Unfortunately, Herbert, for all his faith in physical love, didn't get much. In fact, he didn't get any.

But Herbert was not a man to be discouraged by the inaccessibility of heaven. Any girl who came into the typing room where he worked might be The One. He never tired of asking his good friend Errol Sanders, who sat at the desk next to his, "What do you think about that girl Jean (or Louise or Cynthia or Esmerelda or any casual skirt that happened to walk past the door)—what do you think, Errol? Does she, or doesn't she?"

To which Errol Sanders invariably replied, "I'm not her hair dresser, but even if she does, she doesn't, for you, Herbert," then adding with a snicker, "so hang your tongue back in your mouth before you bite it off."

The power of positive lust

When an old fool with young ideas takes up
with a young "eye-dear," what can he lose?

CLARK WISWELL



"Say when."

But Herbert would sigh wistfully, "Maybe she will—maybe. But you, Errol, you do not have faith. You will never know—not unless you take seconds after me."

"So hard up I could never get," Errol retorted, bending his balding, freckled head back over the typewriter and squinting through his thick-lensed glasses at the work before him.

Herbert would smile and nod knowingly. He felt sorry for Errol Sanders, because Errol was an unbeliever, and his lack of faith had made him sour. Besides, Herbert knew that Errol was no better off in the love department than he was.

And so it went—month after month, year after year in the typing room. Herbert stared at the girls and sighed and longed, while Errol scowled and grinned his crooked grin and jeered, "Not for you, Herbert Jelliman. You're too fat and too old. You couldn't make out in a house full of love-starved blind women."

Even worse than Errol Sanders' taunts, though, were the snubs and sneers of the girls themselves. Most of them didn't even seem to notice that such a person as Herbert Jelliman existed, while others drew away from him with obvious repugnance. There were even a few, like the cute little blonde who sat across the room, who made fun of him. The little blonde would sit with her skirt hitched well above her knee, so that Herbert could not help but look at the

exposure of nylon and flesh. Then she would mock him, saying, "What's the matter, Herbie? Didn't you ever see a girl's leg, or something, before?"

And Herbert would feel his neck grow red, and he would look quickly away, the tinkle of her laughter in his ears. And later, when he went to sleep, he'd dream of the girl's leg, or something.

But Herbert kept the faith, and one particular day a real powder and perfume type, all curves and bedroom eyes, came to work in the typing room. Herbert could not keep his eyes from wandering continually to the corner of the room where she sat.

"Don't be a jerk," Errol Sanders said between scornfully pursed lips. Herbert felt his pulse pounding. "You'll see, Errol. You'll see," he said with conviction.

When the girl felt Herbert's longing gaze upon her, she straightened in her chair with a sort of uplifted movement that showed off her curves.

Herbert blinked.

"Tease," Errol Sanders muttered.

Herbert wondered—was she just teasing him? Or was this "something"?

She lowered her eyes demurely, seemingly intent upon her work. But there was a tense tilt to her breasts beneath the tightly stretched blouse. Herbert imagined what her breasts would be like: round and full, yet firm, he thought, tipped with little pink buds, like roses ready to open.

"Falsies," sneered Errol Sanders. "Errol, you're just a born pessimist," Herbert sighed.

"You're right," Errol replied. "I have ice for blood and more sense than to hang my big cow eyes on every pair of sponge-rubber boomers that bounces through the office."

But this time, Herbert ignored Errol's contempt for womankind. He pushed himself up from his desk and set a joyful, if slightly lumbering course toward the altar of Venus.

"Sucker," Errol Sanders whispered drily.

As Herbert approached her desk, the girl looked up and smiled. Herbert brightened. It was a genuine smile; it was also full of promises. It was also full of sex. Herbert was not used to such smiles. In his confusion all he could think of was that she shouldn't wear so much make-up.

"The beauty of woman," he said pontifically to her, "requires no gilding."

She raised the thin line of one eyebrow. "Is that a compliment?" she said. "Or should I belt you one?"

"The deepest of compliments," he assured her, managing an overstuffed bow. "Beauty such as yours needs no adornment. Powder and paste do not enhance the charms of Venus. They conceal them."

"Sweetie, if you ever saw my bare face hanging out in the morning, you wouldn't say that," she laughed.

"I could think of no greater pleasure than to see your bare face hanging out in the morning," he replied.

"I think you're cute, too," she said. "Like a big fuzzy teddy bear. What's your name, teddy bear?"

"Herbert," he said somewhat stiffly. He wasn't sure that he liked being thought of as a teddy bear.

"I don't like Herbert," she said, wrinkling her nose. "I think I'll call you Teddy bear."

"All right," he said, "if I may call you Venus."

She giggled. "That would be sweet."

"Venus is the goddess of beauty," Herbert declared, "and love."

She gave him a bemused look, then said, "Listen, I have two tickets to a

(Continued on page 54)

report from an independent research laboratory

MARVIN KITMAN

THE only burning question in American cigarette advertising today is:

WHO PUT THE MEN IN MENTHOL SMOKING?

The correct answer to the question, according to the Philip Morris people, is:

ALPINE—THAT'S WHO!

They make Alpine mentholated cigarettes, that's why they seem to know.

For most Americans who either ignore or accept advertising claims at face value, this line of inquiry may appear to be a typical Madison Avenue *cul de sac*. Like most burning questions in contemporary advertising, however, it rang an alarm bell in the offices of the An Independent Research Laboratory of Leonia, N. J.

AIRL, as the lab is familiarly known in research circles, is a non-profit organization with no axioms to grind. The lab simply tests all advertising claims as they come along, paying particular attention to claims which raise grave questions. The Alpine claim that it had been putting men into its menthol cigarettes raised an abundance of these.

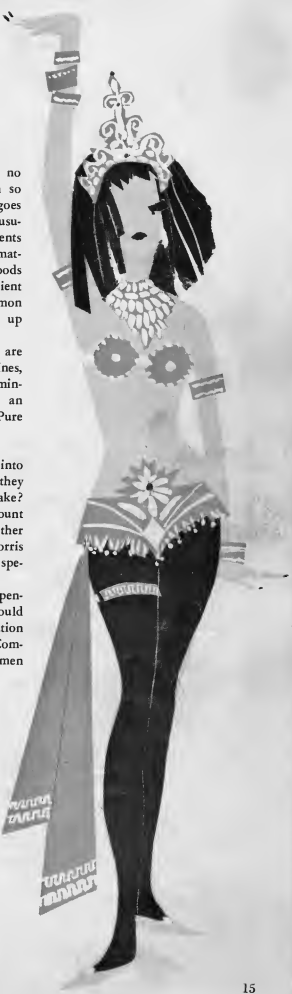
To the best of our knowledge, no cigarette company has ever been so candid in telling the public what goes into its product. The most they usually reveal is that the best ingredients money can buy are used. For that matter, no producer of consumer goods has ever claimed its secret ingredient is men, although it has been common knowledge that men often wind up in wursts.

If the Philip Morris people are really putting men into their Alpines, what is the Food and Drug Administration doing about it? Such an adulterant is a violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1907.

Who are the men being put into menthol cigarettes today? Had they volunteered to die for tobacco's sake? Are they cancer researchers, account executives, political prisoners or other undesirables that the Philip Morris people want out of the way for special reasons?

A positive finding in An Independent Research Laboratory's test would undoubtedly lead to an investigation into *who* at the Philip Morris Company is responsible for putting men

The things Americans put in their mouths are a matter of taste—at least, that's what the Madison Avenue buffs would like us to think.



into Alpines—a crime that would be considered at least manslaughter in most states. In all honesty, the lab was not interested in fixing such responsibility. We are scientists, not policemen.

The tests' limitations thus clearly established, suddenly last summer the An Independent Research Laboratory began its manhunt.

The lab had only one clue to the identity of the man it hoped to find in its Alpine cigarette autopsies. He would undoubtedly look like the Alpine Man—a first cousin of the Marlboro Man, both of whom are distantly related to the Neanderthal Man—who had been appearing in the advertisements created for the Philip Morris people by the Leo Burnett Company of Chicago.

To this writer, the Alpine Man, at best, looks like a rapist; at worst, like the kind of man who would use his riding crop on a dog for barking. He is about forty years old, judging by his picture in full-page newspaper advertisements, and affects very masculine clothing; jodhpurs, boots, riding jackets, ascots, that sort of thing. His leathery face is usually twisted into a squint, probably caused by the smoke getting into his eyes from the cigarette dangling from his lips, as much a boost for the product as a

hacking cough is on a television smoking commercial.

To find out if any man answering this description could be found in Alpine cigarettes, the AIRL conducted two different tests: superficial and microscopic.

In the Superficial, paper was stripped from the test cigarettes and the tobacco spread over a lab table in neat piles. Staff members ran their fingers through the tobacco, sifting for clues much the way CAB investigators do at the scene of an airplane crash.

Actually, this test was made twice. A technician sneezed the first time, a common hazard in all loose tobacco tests.

Strictly speaking, AIRL found the major ingredient in Alpine's mentholated cigarettes to be tobacco. The only trace of man was a hint of lint, attributable on later investigation to a sloppy technician who had put a pack of Alpines in his pocket before the test was concluded.

As a control, the lab conducted the same superficial test on other mentholated cigarette brands. Spring, to name one, did not have men in it, either.

Out of curiosity, An Independent Research Laboratory also tested all the brands to see if any contained

women. Negative, too.

Halfway through the major Microscopic examinations, some of us at the lab began to have second thoughts about the wisdom of conducting these tests. Perhaps AIRL had been taking Alpine's claims too literally.

The copywriter at the Leo Burnett Company who seems obsessed with the idea of putting men into cigarettes (he tried to do the same thing with Marlboros) may have meant only that mentholated Alpines was now a male cigarette. In the past, it was a female cigarette. Naturally, An Independent Research Laboratory found that proposition almost as intriguing as the original one.

Like most Americans, the lab had been hearing of the existence of male and female cigarettes for some time. The theory was never given credence, however, but only because we hadn't gotten around to testing it. So that the original tests on Alpines shouldn't be a total loss, AIRL decided to examine for sex the wide variety of mentholated cigarettes we had already purchased.

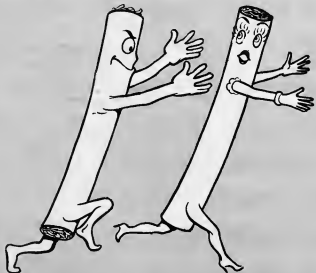
Clinically speaking, it is the Lab's conclusion that most American mentholated cigarettes have a serious sex problem: they can't possibly know whether they are boys or girls until an advertising agency like Leo Burnett tells them. Since all the cigarettes we examined for sex looked alike, they could all be said to be either brothers—or sisters.

An Independent Research Laboratory does not mean to imply that mentholated cigarettes *a priori* must be sexless. Faced with a similar problem, makers of non-mentholated cigarettes have already made remarkable gains in giving their cigarettes built-in sex.

Of the non-mentholateds examined by AIRL two already were distinctly female:

1. Parliaments, which claims to have the most important 1/4-inch in smoking today—the recessed filter;

2. And Marlboros, which has a flip-top box. □□



"No, no—not without a filter..."

**BERNADETTE
BARNES**



The beauty of Bernadette Barnes is truly a harmony of joy and poignancy—it plucks chords upon the heartstrings of men, and those quivering, plangent notes vibrate sympathetically in their brains and set all astir their emotions. Bernadette is a medley of the sensual and the spiritual, a point-counterpoint of the tangible and the nebulous. . .



A lyrical, impressionistic melody
at times, Bernadette is a song with-
out words, for beauty alone sufficeth . . .



An idyllic pastorate, she
recalls the Golden Age of
nymph and faun and dryad.





Nature's loveliest songs are its rarest. They are often poignant, even disturbing—for such beauty can be a sad beauty, a sad song. But, it is a song to remember . . . And so is Bernadette Barnes.



A girl who doesn't save for a rainy day, sometimes has to pay for it—with interest!

FIRST TIME FOR J.J.

CHARLES MIRON



The Sheik spotted her first. He quickly approached her.

Benny watched from behind a hallway door.

In a matter of moments, the Sheik returned with the girl.

Her thin cloth coat stretched across her ample body. Benny could not help but notice the tight breast line that pushed hard against the fading material. The

Sheik laughed sharply at Benny's discomfort. He was two years older than Benny. And, in the ways of the street, an age separated them.

"This here's Benny."

She tried a smile. Her wintry lips froze the weak smile. Benny, rubbing his bony hands quickly, eagerly nodded to her. The Sheik playfully tapped Benny in the area of his groin. Benny winced at the sharp pain that cut into him. The Sheik laughed all the harder as a tear rolled from Benny's deep brown eyes.

"Nuttin' grows in your pants, kiddo, but ants." Benny quickly wiped the salty tear from his cheek, and grinned at the Sheik's joke. The girl remained silent.

"Her name's J.J."

Benny nodded again. The girl called J.J. pulled her coat collar across her face to shield it from the wintry gust that slashed around an aging building.

The Sheik put his arm familiarly around her waist. She edged off a bit, but he held her in a vicelike grip.

(Continued on page 61)



- **BUDDY**
- **HACKETT'S**
- **FIGHT TO**
- **STAY**

HIS hair is dark, and sometimes, when the baby spotlight is being especially kind it looks almost like human hair. But in the daylight it is revealed as the bristles of a porcupine about to shed. He has a voice, people know this because he talks—but there is considerable argument as to its quality. A California columnist feels it resembles a "Reo truck, with four cylinders missing"; a Chicago reporter says no, "it comes closer to a grindstone"; in New York, they are sure it is "stuff from a crankcase."

The face is also in issue. It can startle an onlooker into believing, momentarily, he is seeing W.C. Fields

reincarnated as a young man. Brooks Atkinson, a committed fan, describes it as "primitive." But when his friend, Marie Torre looks at it, she says, "He is panda-eyed." She also says he is "a rumpled, dumpling-shaped buffoon." He has a short neck, short legs, and most of his friends say he looks like a 220 pound egg.

But for all this neanderthal exterior, he has the ability to evoke instant compassion from anyone. Jackie Gleason, who is, if anything a dedicated fat-fighter, once turned viciously on a doctor at Sardi's and accused the MD of "wearing this poor boy down to nothing." Max Liebman, the exalted

father of American television comedy, who has coped at confined quarters with Sid Caesar, Danny Kaye, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner and a dozen other great jesters, broke down and admitted, "He is unique, different from any comedians."

His name is actually Leonard Hacker, which fits his Boro Park, Brooklyn, background like Bob Burns fits Arkansas. But when he left home and went into the army, a Chinese mess sergeant defaced this to "Hack-ah," and it has undergone several changes since. The world now knows him of course as Buddy Hackett, a veteran of 22 years in show business, who,



This rotund, cherub-like man with the saucer-like eyes is a "thinking comedian." In fact, he thinks all the way to the bank each week to deposit some of the biggest salaries ever paid to any comic.

IN\$ANE



with the calm confidence of a man who knows he is right, recently announced:

"I'm 38 and nuttin's hurt me yet."

For most of the 38 years this rotund rascal has been riddling with holes every philosophy, natural law, and impassioned piece of advice on show business, medicine, finance, public relations, golfing, house-hunting and one-hundred other subjects that has ever been written, spoken, or cast in bronze. Because of this, he tends at first to interest, delight, then irritate, and finally deliver acute lifelong pain to producers, directors, account executives, network vice presidents and others who come in contact with him. His fans, a diehard group who have been perhaps accurately indicted for not knowing what they are doing, love him for this individuality. They strain across rooms of smoke and clinking cognac glasses to catch his every word and begin breaking up before he gets to a punchline. "It is getting so bad," a night club rival

told a friend, "that he doesn't even have to talk. He just *stands there* and they laugh."

Yet there was a time when Buddy Hackett used to "stand there," tell the accepted one liners, and do requested impersonations of Henry Aldrich, Sidney Greenstreet, and Akim Tamiroff and barely earned enough to keep him in groceries. But then so were about 400 other comics, most of whom are still touring the lodge halls, banquet rooms and supermarket openings of American towns whose names are as obscure as their own. It took Hackett a long time to realize he could be funnier than the others if he threw away the written jokes and simply told people the facts about his private life.

He has now reached "top banana" (he says, "top orange") status doing this, not because he has a razor-talent for the quip, but because everything that happens to him really is a pure and wonderful madness. Hackett is the original man who cannot fly right,

the creature who always thinks the wrong way and says the wrong word. The club patron sits and listens to him then quietly reassures himself, "There but for the grace of brains go I." In 1961, he was paid a quarter of a million dollars so audiences could sit and listen, and this year that figure is expected to be bettered.

Somewhere down the line, Buddy acquired a manager, a Brooklyn gentleman named Frank Faske. Since Hackett loved him like a father, the two didn't even sign a contract. But Frank Faske had never been in show business. He was an automobile dealer, the owner of one of the top ten agencies in the U.S. "I will explain," says Hackett explaining nothing: "He also managed a fighter. But he took me on because I could lick his fighter." Nevertheless, Hackett's earnings jumped from almost nothing to \$3,500 a week during this association.

Before he met Faske, Buddy was working summers in the "Borscht" belt and filling up his winters in \$25-a-week Brooklyn "nightclub" engagements. He had begun as a Catskill resort waiter. "They made me sleep in the cellar and made me wait on the children's tables. They don't tip. But I conned them with candy." When he succeeded as a \$5 fill-in for a monologist who failed to show up, he was elevated to the rank of "toomler." Mike Wallace, who most certainly didn't know what he was getting into, once asked Hackett what a toomler was. Buddy answered, "Why, a toomler is to create tumult." Pressed further, he remembered that Danny Kaye, Sid Caesar and Jan Murray were former toomlers. "They used to call us porch comedians, because before that the manager would always be pushing you off the porch saying, 'Mix, mix! Toomul! Dance with the ladies, jump in the swimming pool.'"

When he graduated to the indoors, Buddy, then 16, flamboyantly finished an act by yanking a startled woman patron out of her seat and into a Lindy Hop. Early the next morning the manager came to the cellar and woke Hackett. "Get out," he suggested. "Out of bed?" the teenager asked

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For many, Life is a constant ordeal—for fabulous Mikki life is a glorious game, a real ball! Mikki is a full-time follower of FUN and FROLIC spelled out in capital letters. "I've got only one life," says Mikki. "And sure as shootin' I'm going to live it up to the hilt." Who can blame her? And if you could share the fun with Mikki, would you want to blame her? Do we hear a chorus of "no's"?



MIKKI FRANTZ



Outdoors with Mikki, it's
anything for a game,
anything for laughs . . .



Indoors, Mikki is also
game for anything, but
only if it is still for fun,
for good clean fun . . .





Whatever Mikki Frantz does, she's a real, all-'round (yes, indeed) sport. But there is a serious side to her, too. And be careful, if you're the one she chooses to be serious about, you could end up behind the 8-ball. Is that bad?

THE QUEST



nce upon a time (and a pretty lousy time it was) a young man named Reginald Grant lived with his mother and father in a humble cottage many miles from the nearest town.

Reginald's father was a Shoemaker. He worked at this honest occupation from dawn to sundown each day. Since he lived so far from prospective customers, however, he often had to take apart and rebuild the same shoes, over and over again, in order to keep busy.



To augment her husband's meager income, Reginald's mother

worked as a Seamstress. It was said in the nearby villages that nobody could thread a needle as neatly and swiftly as she (or, for that matter, as cheaply).

Every now and again, passing strangers asked the Shoemaker and his wife why they stayed in their cottage when there was so much opportunity in the Wide World. Always they would answer that they grew up in the cottage, they raised their son in the cottage and in the cottage they would die.

Despite his parents' poverty, Reginald never went hungry. Sometimes his parents might eat less than was good for them, but the boy's plate was always full. For lunch and breakfast he'd have a nice potato



a fairytale for adults



sandwich. At dinner, he had greens, potatoes and sometimes even a few scraps of meat.

Reginald loved and appreciated his parents. But as he grew to manhood, he became restless and curious about the Wide World. He'd heard rumors that it had strange and magical things to offer young men like himself. Things with wonderful sounding names like Sports Cars and Television Sets and girls. He did not know what the names meant. But one day he would find out.

When the time came that Reginald announced to his parents that he was going into the Wide World to make his fortune, his mother took him aside.

"Son," she said. "Follow the Golden Rule. Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you. Give value for value received and someday your ship will come in. Work hard, be honest and remember your poor old mother's advice. You too can become a millionaire."

"What is a millionaire, mother?" Reginald asked.

His mother bowed her head. "I don't know," she answered. "But it is what everyone in the Wide World wants to be—or so I've heard."

Reginald remembered the words of his mother. But a little later, his father took him aside to give his parting advice:

"Son," the Old Shoemaker said.

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If Men Had Tails

ONE OF THE main features that distinguishes man from his forebears, the monkeys, is his not having any tail—meaning, of course, the prehensile or "holding on" kind (Alright, fellows . . .)—the kind that protrudes from the base of his spine. Far from being a total disadvantage to modern man—even though he may no longer have to hang from trees—the tail could have had many assets.

Would it be a help with the girls? Well, if the girl had a sense of humor you could certainly tickle her fancy with it.

But, no matter how successful this appendage might make you with the girls, don't ever let them make a monkey out of you because of it.

There's the case of a fellow—a rare one, he had a tail—whose girl liked it so much that on one hot summer day when he was dozing off, sitting under one of those big fans, she decided to trim his tail to make it prettier. But, all the fur caused her to misjudge exactly where the end of it was and her sharp shears nipped off a piece. In pain and anger the boy friend jumped up—smack into the fan's revolving blades. Snick!! And off went his head. There is a moral to this story that every man should remember: never lose your head over a piece of tail.



"That isn't fair, Mr. Rakins, holding my hands behind me like that."





"This is my girl Blondie and her friend, Jane . . . meet Harry."



A little woman with
a big mouth
can cause a lot of
trouble . . .
and vice versa

"I never felt so used in my whole damn life," Paul said. He was upset no end about the girl walking out like that, I

mean like she thought she had control or something. It was pretty much a slap in the face, you can bet that. Look, you take a chick in and maybe she walks away in (Continued on page 68)

S P I D E R



Tom O'Sullivan





MAHALIA MARCH

The night has a thousand eyes—
and everyone of them is intently
fastened on Mahalia. Like Selene,
the Goddess of the Moon, she has
no peers in all of Heaven—or
Earth.





Mahalia has but two eyes—and they are fixed on you in the hope that you may be the ONE—the Sun God, Phoebus Appollo, destined to complement the Moon goddess. Even this fantasy is made of flesh—for the stuff of dreams is woven of reality. And you may be the reality this heavenly, earthly Goddess is dreaming of.



PSYCHITA

Remember all the hullabaloo caused by the publication of Vladimir Nabukov's famed book, *Lolita*? Remember how it was called "depraved," "obscene," "horrible?" Well, capitalizing on those wonderful, money-in-the-bank adjectives, Hollywood is filming this opus. (Pictures are better than ever?) You may also remember the furor caused by Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, in which there was more blood on that wide, wide screen than popcorn in the audience (and that is saying a lot!). Well a deliciously insidious thought crossed the mind of one screen writer who remembered them both. "Suppose," he thought. "Just suppose we combined both horrendous ingredients of the book and the picture to turn out a much more horrible 'horrible' *Lolita*. Make it a real psychotic 'psychological' film!" And, that is exactly what he did.

If you happen to have a strong mind, a strong will—and an even stronger stomach—read on!



(As the opening credits roll across the screen, a voice is heard, singing the lovely lyrics to the haunting melody of, "Psychita's theme.")

Cling to me, my darling nymphet.
Like I'm a rock, and you're a limpet,
Your charm could fill the missile
gap, li'l Psychita,
You are even sweeter than apple
ci-eder,

So tell me, dearest one, no matter
what
The weather,
That clouds up above
Won't darken our love,
And we'll have a lifetime of
puberty,
Together.

(The scene: An aerial view of a
highway. Pan over to neon sign read-

ing "Mom and Dad's Motel." Cut to
motel office. Mom and Dad are sitting
and talking.)

MOM: Ever since they built that
new highway a year ago, our business
has been falling off something awful.

DAD: And we can't *always* depend
on Humbert Shmumbert in Cabin 5.
Do you realize that he's been our only

guest for the entire past year? Let's face it, he's not going to stay at our motel forever. What happens to us when he decides to go?

MOM: Well, frankly, dear, I'll breathe a sigh of relief. I don't like all the time that our daughter has been spending with Mr. Shmumbert. It's not right. It's not healthy.

DAD: You're worried about Humbert Shmumbert? Why, that harmless fellow is no more lecherous than I am. And besides, Psychita's too young for him. She's only a child. What could a middle-aged man possibly see in her?

(Cut to full view of outside of cabin. Close-up of door, showing number 5. Cut to interior. Music: "Psychita's Theme." Psychita stands in front of a rumpled bed, wearing only panties, a half-slip and a brassiere. She is thirteen, going on fourteen.)

PSYCHITA: Humbert, will you please come help me fasten this darned old bra.

(Humbert Shmumbert enters from bathroom, buttoning his shirt. He is forty-seven, going on forty-eight.)

HUMBERT: I don't see why you have to wear one of these things anyway. *(Helping her.)* Your breasts-buds have barely begun to grow.

PSYCHITA: I know, but Mom saw this advertisement for Teenform, and it says, "The understanding mother now buys her daughter's first bra, whether or not she needs it physically." It's supposed to give me poise or something. It even expands as I develop. The ad says they sell it at all "understanding stores."

HUMBERT: Alas, the trend along Madison Avenue is becoming increasingly anthropomorphic.

PSYCHITA: Oh, stop showing off all the time with those big words, willya, please.

HUMBERT: God, I just adore you to pieces when you become perturbed like that.

PSYCHITA: You can let go of my brassiere now. I have to do my Algebra homework.

(Fade in to highway scene. Cars rolling along. Close in on car being driven by beautiful woman, Janet Victim. Close-up of the seat next to her, empty except for a paper bag, stuffed

with \$40,000. Janet's thoughts can be heard as she makes driving grimaces.)

JANET'S VOICE: I'm a thief, that's what I am. If only I could tell somebody and unburden my conscience. But how could anyone ever sympathize with a common ordinary thief? Why, they might just as well—they might just as well identify with—with a pedophile! . . . Hmm, it's starting to rain. *(Starts to rain.)* I'd better pull up at a motel for the night.

(Cut to Mom and Dad's Motel. Janet's car pulls up. Cut to interior of motel office. Dad is reading the paper. Mom is sewing. Psychita is doing her Algebra homework. Humbert is twiddling his thumbs. Janet Victim enters.)

JANET: Oh, hello there. I wonder if I could have a room for tonight.

MOM: Surely. Just sign the book there.

(Close-up of Janet's hand signing registry book: "Janet Pseudonym, Thief River Falls, Minn.")

DAD: Nasty night for driving.

PSYCHITA: Two x equals y plus one.

HUMBERT: I'll help you with your luggage *(looks at registry book),* Miss Pseudonym

JANET: Oh—yes. Thank you. *(Humbert takes her suitcase. Janet carries the paper bag full of money herself. Cut to outside shot, showing Psychita standing on motel office porch, as Humbert and Janet enter Cabin. Close in on door, showing number 4. Cut to interior of Cabin 4.)*

JANET: I would like very much to confide in you, Mr. Shmumbert.

HUMBERT: Call me Humbert. Tell me, do you have any pictures of yourself when you were a little girl—perhaps at the age of twelve?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. Listen, I've stolen some money.

HUMBERT: Oh, that's too bad. You don't happen to have a younger sister, do you?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. I think it's forty thousand dollars.

HUMBERT: Perchance you have some young female cousins?

JANET: No, I'm sorry, I don't. Would you help me count the money, please?

(Cut to outside of motel office. Psychita is still standing on the porch. Cut to interior. Mom is still sewing, and Dad is still reading. Close in on clock over the desk. As if to indicate the passage of time, the hands move from 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock within two seconds.)

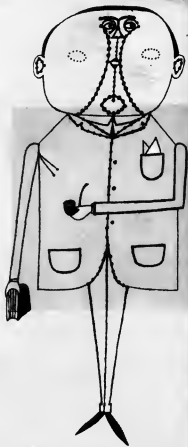
DAD: There goes that crazy clock acting up again.

MOM: Yes, we really ought to have it fixed one of these days.

(Cut to outside of motel office. Follow direction of Psychita's eyes to Cabin 4, as Humbert leaves it and returns to his own cabin. Cut back to close-up of Psychita's face. Her eyes harden with anger. Through tight lips, she speaks.)

PSYCHITA: Why, that no-good, two-timing, dirty-rotten, double-crossing fink!

(Cut to interior of Cabin 4. Janet is just stepping into shower. She smiles when she sees what brand of soap is there. She lathers herself up, smiling a toothy smile all the while. Suddenly, the shower curtains part. Standing there is Psychita, large



butcher knife in hand. Music: "Psychita's Theme." Janet stops smiling.)

PSYCHITA: For the first time in your life, feel really dead.

(Psychita wields the weapon over and over again. Camera achieves montage-in-motion effect by series of quick cuts: to knife, to Janet's arm, to knife, to look of horror on Janet's face, to knife, to Janet's thigh, to knife, to look of vengeance on Psychita's face, to knife, to Janet's chest—very important in this scene to show all that violence but no nipples. Cut to interior of motel office. Mom and Dad are sitting and talking.)

DAD: Nothing exciting ever happens around here.

MOM: Why don't you see if there is anything good on TV?

DAD: I guess I'll go put on one of those stupid family situation comedies—but you never see *them* watching television.

(A moment after Dad exits, Psychita walks in, unnoticed by Mom. She stands there, dripping blood.)

PSYCHITA: Mom, I have to talk to you. Something has just happened

which is going to change my whole life.

MOM: Why, of course, dear. I feel sorry for girls who can't go to their mothers for frank talks. Thank goodness you and I have never been embarrassed with each other. I can make it all sound so simple and easy and natural that you'll get over your nervousness in a hurry. You'll feel sure, secure, safe. Nothing can show, no one can know. I'll tell you the nicer way.

PSYCHITA: I know all that jazz, Mom. But what I'm trying to tell you is—

(Humbert bursts into the room.)

HUMBERT: You must call the police! Right away! Someone has murdered Janet Pseudonym. Someone—*(Sees Psychita, still dripping blood)*—Psychita! You! How! Why!

PSYCHITA: Big man, you always use such big words, now look at you. I did it because of you, ya big lug. I saw how long you were in her cabin.

HUMBERT: But we were only counting the money she'd stolen. Forty thousand dollars in singles takes a lot of time to count. It's not as if we were doing anything *wrong*, Psychita.

(Fade in on the office of Dr. Listen, a world-renowned psychiatrist. Mom and Dad sit in rapt attention as he speaks.)

DR. LISTEN: Well, the money was returned to Janet Victim's employer, and Humbert Shmumbert is in prison on two counts: one, for impairing the morals of a minor; two, by withholding information from the police, as an accessory to an embezzler. But I'm sure that what you're really interested in hearing about is Psychita. As you know, she's been committed here at State Hospital for an indefinite period of time, depending on our final prognosis. We've tested her in every possible way, from the Stanford-Binet to the Rorschach, from the Multiphasic Personality Inventory to the Thematic Apperception Pictures, from sensorimotor coordination to encephalographical examination, from hypnosis to sodium pentothal. Basically, this is what we've uncovered. As in the case of any teenager, Psychita became a product of her culture, which is, es-

entially, an imbroglia of romantically-oriented fantasmagoria.

MOM AND DAD: Yes, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Her world was built of concepts derived not only from the two of you in your roles as parents, but she also most definitely internalized quite deeply the values imparted to her by movies, advice-to-the-lovelorn columns, popular fiction, magazine articles, window displays, tabloid newspapers, and so on *ad infinitum*. Our civilization, through its various media of mass communication, does everything it can to imbue its members—and teenagers are of course the most susceptible—with one of society's pivotal paradoxes: that lust in and of itself is bad, but that it becomes automatically transformed into love noncomitantly with the act of marriage.

MOM AND DAD: Of course, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Now then, the average teenage girl is able to *accept* this inconsistency by getting involved with the *details* of vicariousness—wearing lipstick, for example—but Psychita's environment, you must realize, *also* included the motel which you both operate. A motel by its very nature is dedicated, to a very large extent, to the promulgation in *actuality* of the loveless lust which Psychita's peers were able to rationalize through lustless (or puppy) love.

MOM AND DAD: Go on, Doctor.

DR. LISTEN: Well, when Humbert Shmumbert happened to come along, Psychita was psychologically *ready* for him. For an entire year, then, they carried on a glorious—albeit aberrant—affair. And then, Janet Victim entered the picture. Psychita became, literally, insanely jealous. Her schizophrenic environment which I have described—combined with a predisposition resulting from certain hereditary factors—led her almost inevitably to commit her crime of passion.

MOM AND DAD: Certain hereditary factors, Doctor?

DR. LISTEN: Ah, yes. When you first adopted Psychita, it was thought advisable not to reveal to you the

(Continued on page 56)





Men who make a serious study about women charge an arm and a leg when you want to find out what they've learned. We paid—so now learn something!

SOME philosopher once said that the proper study of mankind is man. Any modern bachelor knows better than that so, about these girls now. If the word "study" in the opener should give you to think that we are going to be stuffy and pedantic about our subject, you're in for a disappointment.

Before getting lost in a discussion of particular types of girls, we should like to examine Woman the concept. That Woman is a concept, as well as an actuality, is evident in the names we bestow on things. The bigger these things are the more certain they are to be designated as feminine: Mother Earth, for example. Since man is usually the giver of names, it may be because he considers ships, automobiles, and machines, in general, beautiful and expensive that he regards these as feminine. Show him an engraving of *Le Bonhomme Richard* and he will say: "She sure was a beauty." Even if he sights a whale, sex unknown, he unhesitatingly cries down from the rigging: "Thar she blows!" If the weather should be unduly warm, the day itself acquires sex as the filling-station attendant confides that: "She's a hot one today"

Exceptions have been attempted. Ask a man to enlist to serve *Der Vaterland* and he winds up fighting for his mother country.

It is now clear, boy, that no matter where you may be or what you may be doing, you're always thinking about women. In other words, a man has sex on his mind and woman has it on her hands. As your brokers, in a manner of speaking, we feel that you two should get together after a final admonishment or so.

At times throughout these pages we may make an appeal to the bachelor reader's better self. We do not direct this appeal to anything so flimsy as his sense of morals but namely to his sportsmanship. Few men would be offended if they were termed wicked, but call one of them a bad sport and you have hit him where he lives. Again and again we shall say, **PLAY THE GAME!**

MEN VS. WOMEN

No woman is an amateur if by "amateur" one would imply lack of knowledge or skill. All women are born with a veritable constellation of instincts that aids them without think-

ABOUT GIRLS— AND HOW TO MEET THEM



ing. For this reason they are always ahead of you, but don't assume because you can't understand them that they are complex. *Men fail to understand women precisely because they are more simple than men.* In assuming that her pattern of thought is an intricate web, a man goes off on a tangent to become lost in the mystery of space while she blithely follows a clear, straight line.

Let perish the thought that she is romantic by nature. This is another error that she would encourage. The best argument we can advance that it is not women but men who are truly romantic is the fact that, for centuries, men have created all the music, painting, and poetry of any consequence. Unless you would bracket Carrie Jacobs Bond with Beethoven, Rosa Bonheur with Michelangelo, don't bother to try to refute this. We admit Elizabeth Barrett Browning embarrasses our argument, but, remember, she was a sick girl.

From the foregoing, you might assume that women have no inner life. We do not wish to go so far as that. The question of whether or not women have souls used to be a popular topic with medieval philosophers. But C & N are willing to concede here. We, for one, are practically convinced they do have souls.

But let us contemplate the difference between men and women in more intimate detail. One of the prime differences between man and woman is that man has habits and woman has rituals. Contrast your own quick shower, once-over with a razor, clean shirt, and the rubbing of the calf with each shoe with her ritualistic behavior as she moves in a kind of a trance. She is like an alchemist preparing to transmute base metal into shining gold. Around her are hot irons and ominous wind machines as well as countless substances: chemicals, greases, creams, jellies, liquids, powders, and colored pastes, all goops which have acquired their potency through repeated incantations said over them by voices on radio, television, and across counters. That the labels themselves have mystic powers is a possibility.

After her bath, which makes a scrubbing surgeon look like a small boy anxious to get back to a game of shinny, she emerges and begins. Enough sprays and powders fill the air to produce a prancing white horse on the Orpheum stage, but she has a larger purpose in view.

Apart from all the ingredients mentioned above, the main thing consumed is time. After an hour or so of strange grimaces followed by wandlike passes in the air above her head with a comb, the first act is concluded and she is ready to dress (which is all she said she was going to do in the first place). Now she ponders closets and shoe racks while she mutters in some cabalistic way. Finally the donning of the raiment begins. With serpentine movements, squirming, straining, and tugging, she puts on a girdle. Next, the stockings and high heels. (A glimpse, at this moment, would convince the male onlooker that this batch, too, is going to turn out all right.) Then, slipping into her dress, she does a kind of minuet (school of Martha Graham) with her alter ego, the mirror. If she gets an approving nod from that carping partner in the glass, the dance is over and she presents herself.

The mystery and the miracle are impressive. Beginning with just an ordinary human being, she has, before our very eyes, created *woman*.

Strangely enough, the highest accolade which can now be given her is for a man to snort, paw the Axminster, and say that he now has an uncontrollable urge to undo the glorious result. She receives this tribute irritably if the man chances to be her husband and replies in accordance with ancient tradition: "Not now, dear." (Only strangers and bachelors may have this privilege.) She will punish the husband for having married her by insidiously undoing the previous miracle later that night and presenting him with but a fraction of it, the lowest common denominator, *herself*, thereby preserving the mystery of that *woman* that she keeps in bottles and closets. (Of course, some husbands don't care, feeling that undressing one's own wife is like tak-

ing down the Christmas tree—a sad business.)

The goings on just depicted could apply to any average, pretty girl making her toilette. When a woman reaches stature as an individual, acquires glamour and renown, the effect of the miracle is compounded and the wonder amplified as presses roar and people genuflect in the streets. Reams of chiffon, old lace, and newspaper are required to attire her in a manner appropriate to her magnitude. The pyramids could have been boxed up and sent to the Iowa State Fair with less ceremony and received less attention than the recent cumbersome job of transporting one slender American blonde to Monaco.

Now, who is the object of all this hullabaloo and pother that woman go through? The answer is *you*, bachelor chum, and, lands a Goshen, while time is with you, *take every advantage!* Insist on the whole enchilada, don't question the miracle or accept less than the entire package because, after all, divest Woman of all her trappings and what have you got? Yipes! SENSATIONAL!

CURTAIN GOING UP

First, dismiss the notion that all women are alike even with the lights out. We shall examine this fallacy on the level of the individual before going into comparisons of national differences. Rarely do you come upon a true strain or text-book picture like the following types, so please regard these classifications as merely a helpful index. In utilizing this material, you must practice rule of thumb because the possible combinations are infinite.

But now, Lights! Overture! Here they are, the little darlings! As a matter of form we follow the order of seniority, so first, we give you that most ancient of her kind. . . .

THE PRO

As bachelors, we feel this lady has her place in the world but it is not our world. Pursuit and conquest, that is, the thrill of the chase, have no meaning for her sort. Any man who patronizes her is on a par with the unlucky angler who buys his fish at

the market after disappointment in deeper waters. We acknowledge a certain sneaking admiration for her forthrightness in hawking her wares as she does, thereby making all other women seem coy.

INTELLECTUAL GIRL

Unless you happen to be a big brain yourself, you should make no effort to meet Athena on her own level. If she has been around a little while, she probably learned to conceal her high forehead from the cretins she has been dating. Any woman is less vain about her brain than her figure even if she is a Ph.D. So praise her curves and build her up till she feels like Marilyn Monroe. Ignore her diploma and treat her like a sweater girl or she may become your Phi Beta Noir. Having canvassed hundreds of girls, we found that females in college indulge in intimate heterosexual relationship far more frequently than those in grade school, hence the inescapable conclusion that higher education is detrimental to conventional moral standards. We believe that C & N are the first to note this corollary.

LUSH

We shall dispense with her quickly. The Lush doesn't mind if she does, but presents the problem of making a Hollandaise sauce . . . in other words . . . getting her to the right point before she curdles. If John Barleycorn beats your time, accept it. Play the game and never shoot a sitting duck.

ATHLETIC TYPE

Many girls affect an interest in athletics in order to increase their scope and extend it to the daytime hours, or because they feel they look well in shorts or bathing suits. However, should you find yourself bivouacked with one of these viragoes you may be in for an exhausting time of it. If her interest in sports extends to the boudoir, she may continue your humiliation there as well as beating you five sets in the hot sun. Check in with your doctor before seriously pursuing one of these Dianas. Maybe



what you really need is a hot-water bottle in bed.

FLIRT

A flirt is any girl who is reasonably courteous to another man in your presence. All girls are flirts, and be grateful for that or she might not have spoken to you in the first place. However, if she confines her activities to coquetry alone, then this means trouble and brings us to the attractive nuisance who conducts a one-woman war against men possibly due to some slight, real or imaginary, occurring sometime between the playpen and the nursery school. She has dedicated herself to your frustration for she is the Tease, a direct lineal descendant of the Siren, so plug your ears and stay off the reefs. No two ways about it, this personable wench should really be fenced and posted for all to heed. It is hard to resist the challenge she offers, but you will finally learn the secret of her fascination is that she is as insincere as you are. Dirty pool! Like the one that got away, you will remember her when the others are forgotten. For those who value the game as much as the reward, C & N say try your luck but don't say we didn't warn you. Should you, by any gaudy chance, succeed, get in touch. We would like to spend an afternoon tying flies with you.

CAREER GIRL

A career girl is a problem to you and herself. She is the donkey between two stacks of hay. In addition to the usual routine of courting, your conversation must be liberally larded with promises of opportunities relevant to her ambitions. You must either have connections or be a liar to appeal to her. To long maintain such a liaison, some concrete results must be forthcoming or she's off like a bird. Most of the younger career girls have a wholesome attitude toward marriage; they are just not interested.

Rarely is a girl in this category interested in you as a person. However, there is always one subject of keen mutual interest which will command her fascinated attention, namely, herself. So, like a good golfer, keep your head down, eye on the ball, and follow through.

The career girl who has definitely arrived may feel she can consider a man for himself. He can do her no favors but she may grant him hers. She is no longer as selfish as she was because now she has everything except you, you lucky dog. She will love you with the full intensity of half her whole being for all eternity. That is to say, for six months, or as long as you can bear it.

(Continued on page 70)



KITTY RANDALL

Here's Kitty! Pretty, pretty Kitty! And indeed, she is. Strange, though, the difference in connotation of the words "kitty" and "cat." Kitty Randall is definitely a kitty; she is by no means a "cat" and all that word implies, Kitty is open, friendly—not secretive, standoffish. She's affectionate and giving, not reserved and self-centered.





The only features a cat and a kitten both possess Kitty Randall does have—beauty, grace, independence and a need to be admired, petted on occasion, fondled now and then. But not too much—just enough, not a bit more than that. And, by golly, it's difficult for any admirer of Kitty Randall to know just exactly when that is. . . .




Just by looking at her, you can see why such control on the part of any admirer of Pretty Kitty is so difficult—if not impossible—to obtain. And its just as obvious why these admirers are willing to try again and again and again to learn how. . . .



A. E. WALDO

The painting was bold, vigorous, beautifully composed—on abstract, non-representational piece of work. The two men who were studying it read its label: *Reclining Nude*.

The two turned to each other and, as one, asked: "Where?" "Where" is the common question among people when they look at non-objective nudes. Not that they find fault with the painting's intention per se, or the "art for art's sake" in it. All they would like now and then is to see a lovely nude that looks like one.



RETURN OF THE CLASSICAL NUDE



The painter himself often agrees that there is no need for the artist—if he is an abstract painter—to completely exclude the figurative from his work. Alvin Hollingsworth, whose paintings we show here, writes:

I have painted in both fashions—figuratively and abstractly. . . . After working abstractly, I had a dual reason for again attacking subject matter with renewed vigor. First, I recognized I should take advantage of themes close to me. Secondly, I felt there should be some fusion of my figurative experience with my abstract experiences with color. . . .

I use figurative means if they help me say what I want to say dynamicaly. But when I approach the expression of feelings, moods and sensual diversians, I find that abstract painting yields a more suitable creative tool. . . .



Alvin Hollingsworth is currently having a showing of his paintings in the Koltanow Gallery in New York. His work has been hailed by critics in the past for its "brilliant fusion of the abstract and the real."





Photos by MYRON HERNITER

A woman's flesh is lovely—in the flesh or in a painting, its earthiness and reality are qualities few men want to intellectualize. A woman may be a puzzle, but not a mathematical puzzle; she may occupy a man's mind completely, but she is not merely a thing of the mind—she is not an *Idea*. She has existence and being. And most men enjoy her substantiality. They grew weary of her substance as it is often attenuated to the point of non-existence by abstract painters. Fortunately, more and more abstract painters are growing weary of it themselves and are returning in ever-growing numbers to the classical, figurative nude. This nude can still be an idealization—Greek statues were idealizations—and at the same time she also can be the essence of womanliness.



Once in a while, an off-beat stor

ON the first day of his new job Mario cut all the fingers off his right hand.

At the employment office he told them running a saw was his specialty. He mentioned his father, considered a master of saws in the old country, and assured the employment manager, who spoke Mario's language and several others as well, that the knowledge of the father was now passed on to the son after many years of apprenticeship. But Mario really knew nothing about saws, and his father had spent a lifetime working in the fields. Mario had been operating the complicated machine with the sharp, almost invisible wheel for only an hour before it took his fingers off—quickly, neatly, almost painlessly.

Walking home that afternoon, with his right hand bandaged and the missing fingers resting in a cigar box he carried under his arm, Mario reflected on how he had become more and more confident of his ability with the saws.

He had lied to everyone, even to himself, and so he was coming home with his fingers in a cigar box.

Nina's eyes widened and filled with tears when Mario told her of the accident. At fifteen, her belly had already begun to swell and her breasts were growing larger and more firm, so that they had talked much of a new job and more money to spend when the baby was born. Now there was no returning to the old work with so many fingers missing.

Mario spent the next day on the streets begging. By noon he realized that he would get nowhere as a beggar unless he ripped the bandages off his hand and revealed the repulsive stumps. He spent the rest of the week showing his blood-encrusted, fingerless palm at people, and each evening he was able to bring more and more money home to the sad-eyed Nina.



FINGERS

STANLEY GILSON

comes along. Once in a while, we print it. This is one of those stories and one of those times.

The following week, however, business slacked off a little and Mario knew it was because his hand was beginning to heal. Toward the end of the week he began to prepare himself for his day of begging by plunging his hand into very cold water and then, while it was still numb, reopening the stumps where his fingers once were.

In a good week Mario was making more money as a beggar than he could have made working a month at any of his old jobs. The loss of a few fingers had turned out lucky after all, and some day he and Nina could buy a house and perhaps an automobile.

The lucky fingers themselves were still in the cigar box. Sometimes Mario would open the box and look at them but they did not look very much like fingers any more. Still, neither he nor Nina could bring themselves to throw the box away. Once a neighbor called Hugo came to see Nina while Mario was out on the streets. Hugo kissed her on the mouth and insisted on putting his hand under her blouse to feel her hard breasts. Then, making himself at home, he opened the cigar box, expecting, of course, to find cigars. There was one very soft moment while several thoughts went through the man's head and then he excused himself with elaborate politeness and was gone.

About a week after his accident, Mario began to wear his shirt without a right sleeve. His arm had begun to swell and the flesh turned several blotchy colors, like the rainbow. Without the sleeve his arm was almost as ugly as his bloodied and fingerless hand. But there was the smell and even though his collections were better than ever, he finally went to the police hospital for medicine.

Although he explained that he only wanted to stop the smell, the foolish

doctors insisted on cutting Mario's arm off at the shoulder. It was a week before he was allowed to go home and he was not permitted to take the severed arm with him. Nina cried much that night and together they often opened the box to look at the wrinkled little cigars that had once been the fingers of his right hand.

Pointing to the stump at his shoulder, Mario presented himself to people on the streets as a pitiful sight but his collections were less than when only the fingers were missing on his hand. Within a week it became necessary for five newly severed fingers to join those already resting in the cigar box.

But the same thing happened to Mario's left arm that happened to the right one. And this time, when the doctors sent him home from the hospital, there was the new baby to consider. She was little and helpless, as Mario himself was big and helpless, but Nina managed to take care of both of them.

Every morning she would hook a tin cup to Mario's belt and help him to the street. At night she would wait for his whistle at the window and, with the money in his tin cup, she would buy food. But there was never very much money in the cup and Mario thought he could perhaps do better by cutting his toes off or buying dark glasses and pretending he was blind.

The very first day he wore the dark glasses Mario did so well that he had to come home several times and whistle for Nina to come down and empty the tin cup hooked to his belt. At night, however, it was too dark for him to see through the glasses and he was unable to take them off. He was run down by a truck at a rarely used intersection so close to where he lived that Nina heard the squealing brakes and rushed to the window

thinking it might be Mario's whistle, after all.

Today, at that very intersection, you will find Nina and her child sitting at the curb with a tin cup. They can no longer afford to live indoors, but sleep where they can and they carry all their belongings with them. Even the little cigar box, which now contains the remains of fifteen severed fingers.

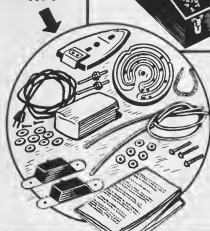


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THE GREAT DECEPTION

(Continued from page 6)

that broke in a sigh. She pranced back from the mirror and took a quick, head-to-toe-and-back inventory of her assets. Her dark eyes danced over her firm, full, pink-tipped breasts, fell down over the dimpled flatness that rose to a slight bulge between her wide hips, then curved, first soft and downy, then wild and unruly and pointed over the soft round fullness of her thighs. Percy had already happily made several itemized accountings and was gleefully taking a composite survey. He found the effects surprisingly acute in spite of his inorganic state. Shelia started to hum a bright, catchy little ditty. She made a few dancing turns about the room and flopped stomach down on the bed. She lay propped on her elbows with the rhythms of her humming marked by the rocking motion of her body.

The sounds from the bathroom indicated that George was still absorbed in hygienic matters.

Shelia rolled over, stretching out her arms and arching her back before settling down. She seemed happy, contented and, Percy thought, a trace impatient. His usual detachment and

reserve had been replaced by a sense of urgency, excitement and charged expectation.

"Darling," said Shelia, eyeing the bathroom door.

"Uh-huh," said George a little absently. He was squeezing out toothpaste and thinking about ways to improve his net game. Shelia's gay gambit and coaxing tone had escaped his notice. Percy, though he considered cleanliness a virtue, could not stifle the feeling that it was receiving a shade too much devotion at the moment.

"Want to hear some poetry, darling?"

"Don't I . . . always?" mumbled George, his mouth full of bubbles and bristles.

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Percy silently, whose answer would have been an approving scream had he been there in the body as well as mind.

"Good," said Shelia. A sly playfulness crept into her voice as she sank more into the mood and settled more comfortably into the softness of the mattress. "I bet you haven't heard this poem before." She smiled and her eyes grew brighter. "Because I'm going to make it up as I go along. The title is You And Me And Now. It's all about us . . . what we're do-

ing and what we will be doing and how it'll be and everything, you know. Anyway, it goes like this . . ." She composed, sing-song, impromptu, improvising, letting her magnificent imagination run to the limits of its capacity.

The brushing, gargling sounds in the bathroom grew suddenly more energetic. There were a few hurried finishing sounds: rinsing, wiping, the water stopped and the bathroom light went out. George came into the bedroom and started toward the bed.

Percy met him halfway across the room, having decided that he did not intend to miss the moment when Shelia's poetic prophesies became physical realities. Concentrating all of his will into the effort Percy forged his mind into a common consciousness with George's mind. Then he could feel the roughness of the rug, taste toothpaste, smell Shelia's perfume and know all of the sensations along with George. Though George still had control, Percy didn't mind; he was perfectly willing to tag along to where George was gleefully heading.

It was a wildly joyful journey to states of pleasure, happiness and excitement, abandon and delight that Percy had never before discovered or imagined. When they lay blissfully exhausted, drifting down into slumber, and Percy was sure that there would be no more excursions that night, he left.

His heart was pounding as he made his way home. He happily anticipated countless, similar, pleasure-filled nights. Of course he would have to be careful. Agnes might try to wake his body up while he was away. Better think up some reason for sleeping in the guest room when I want to get out. Lock the door and on my way, he thought, as he slipped back into his body. He looked over at Agnes then went to sleep.

Agnes got home and into her body a few minutes later. She looked over at Percy, wondering what fierce demons of the mind he was conquering in his dreams, and lay awake for a long time trying to think up some good reasons for sleeping in the guest room.



THE POWER OF POSITIVE LUST

(Continued from page 14)

show tonight given me by a—an acquaintance who is a producer. I'd like it loads if you would go with me."

Herbert looked at her searchingly. Was she kidding him? No, she seemed perfectly serious. He expanded. "I'll go to the show with you if you'll have dinner with me or something," he said.

"I'll have dinner with you, Teddy bear," she said. "We'll save the 'or something' for another time."

Herbert walked back to his desk in a daze of throbbing happiness. He was not even deflated by the little blonde's snickered, "Teddy bear," as he passed his desk.

Errol said, "What happened, lover-boy? She tell you to go peddle your bananas?"

Herbert answered with supreme casualness, "I have a date with her this evening."

Errol Sanders' mouth fell open so far his false teeth popped out.

But Herbert had the faith. He was not surprised that dinner with Venus was a complete success. He had expected it to be. Not even the basement restaurant that Venus suggested

with its blue stucco walls and Times Square Italian food could dampen his enthusiasm.

She listened while he told her about himself and his unswerving faith in the joys of physical love.

"Teddy bear," she said at last, "you positively give a girl the shivers."

"I hope," Herbert said earnestly, "that they are shivers of anticipation."

"When a girl shivers," she told him, "it means only one thing—she wants to be in the arms of a big fuzzy man."

"Like that big fuzzy man at the bar?" Herbert asked, indicating a dapper-looking rake who had been staring unabashedly at Venus for at least twenty minutes. His untouched martini, Herbert thought, must be getting very warm.

Venus looked up with a smile of bright recognition at the rake. He gave her a curt nod in return.

"That's Garrick Murphy. He's the producer I told you about," Venus explained. "You know—the one who gave us the tickets to the show. He's very important—he thinks."

"He is very important," Herbert said, "to me. If it hadn't been for his tickets I wouldn't be here with you."

"Yes, that's so, isn't it?" Venus

said. "If it weren't for him, we would not be together, would we? And Teddy bear," she said, putting her hand over his and flashing him a dazzling smile, "I couldn't imagine anyone I would rather be having dinner with this evening—or eating breakfast with—in the morning."

Herbert swallowed. After a moment he said, "Not even Mr. Garrick Murphy?"

"Mr. Garrick Murphy," she said, "does not have your romantic soul, Teddy bear. Mr. Garrick Murphy is too busy being a big cat and making saucers of money and scorning women."

"Oh," said Herbert. She was, he thought, very much in love with Mr. Garrick Murphy.

"You're not jealous, are you, Teddy?" she asked.

Herbert smiled serenely. "Why should I be jealous? After all, I'm with you, and he is at the bar alone. And in the morning, he'll be eating breakfast alone, while I'll be eating . . ." he let his voice trail off.

"Exactly," Venus said emphatically. With a magnanimous gesture, Herbert said, "Anyway, I'd like to thank him for the tickets."

"That's very sweet of you, Teddy," Venus said. As they were leaving the restaurant, she took Herbert's arm and introduced him gayly to Mr. Garrick Murphy, who gave him a cold look and a limp hand.

"I would like to thank you for the tickets," Herbert said, "and for the opportunity to enjoy this young lady's delightful company."

"Isn't he wonderful?" Venus said to Mr. Garrick Murphy as she clutched Herbert's arm. "He's my big Teddy bear."

"He's adorable," Mr. Garrick Murphy commented acidly. His tone reminded Herbert of Errol Sanders.

"Well, thank you for the tickets," Herbert said again.

"And the breakfast," Venus called happily as she swept out of the restaurant on Herbert's arm.

Mr. Garrick Murphy blinked. "Breakfast?" he echoed in a hollow voice.

He was waiting for them in the theater lobby when Venus and Her-



"I think he's try to tell us something."

bert emerged after the show (during which Venus had cried and laughed and squeezed Herbert's hand a great deal).

"Do you watch the show every night?" Herbert asked him innocently.

"No," Venus said. "He just comes to count the money. Garrick loves money, don't you, sweetie?" she said to him.

Mr. Garrick Murphy's mouth was set in a grim line. He gave Venus a meaningful look, and said, "Why don't you two come and have a little drink with me?"

"No thanks," Venus said, snuggling her head against Herbert's shoulder. "It's very late, and I have to take my big teddy bear home and put him to bed."

The look which Mr. Garrick Murphy gave Herbert was not friendly.

"Good night, sweetie," Venus said, pulling Herbert toward a taxi. Over her shoulder, she said, "Have a nice cozy breakfast with yourself."

At Venus' door, Herbert hesitated.

"Well, come along, Teddy," she urged. "I'm cold and you look nice and snuggly."

Herbert felt tears well up in his eyes. If she was just teasing him, it would be more than he could bear.

He swallowed. "Do you—I mean—well, you're not just leading me on, are you?" he blurted.

She drew him gently into the apartment and slipped out of her coat. Then she was standing very close to him.

"You're right not to trust me," she said, "but whatever my motives, I don't believe in just leading a man on—especially not a sweet man like you who believes so hard."

Herbert felt her lips on his—softly at first and then with the intensity of mounting desire. He pulled her tightly against him, and his lips searched the side of her face, her neck, her ear. He heard her short, urgent breathing.

"Love me, Teddy bear," she whispered.

Herbert picked her up in his big clumsy arms and carried her into the other room. He fumbled at the zipper and hooks and could hardly control the trembling of his hands as her

dress slipped to the floor. In the dark, he could see her nakedness—the firmness of her breasts (oh no, not falsies, Errol Sanders, he thought triumphantly) and the warm smoothness of her hips, or something.

In another moment, the years of his dogged faith, and what he'd studied in the marriage manuals at last paid off, and off . . . and . . . off . . .

In the morning, they ate a delightfully exhausted breakfast and arrived together at the office an hour and a half late. Herbert felt a twinge of pleasure at the raised eyebrows of the girls in the typing room. On the other hand, he wondered that they had ever doubted when he himself had been so sure that one day he would succeed.

As he took his place at his desk, he smiled at Errol Sanders.

Errol gaped. Finally he said, "Herbert, did you—did you—?"

Herbert glanced at Venus who was seated demurely at her desk.

"A gentleman, Errol," he said, "never discusses the ladies of his acquaintance."

His affair with Venus lasted exactly one week. But it was a week of glory. They went out together every night—to dinner, nightclubs, shows. And every night they seemed to run unexpectedly into Mr. Garrick Murphy, whose dislike of Herbert grew in direct proportion to the intimacy with which Venus clung to Herbert's arm and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

But Herbert could not have cared less for Mr. Garrick Murphy's brooding hostility. The glory and revels of Venus' arms—and everything—were for Herbert and only Herbert. They went on far into the night, and Herbert, if he had ever doubted his powers, doubted no longer.

But, it was at the office, now, where he felt his power most keenly. The girls lingered by his desk now and exchanged coy little pleasantries with him. The cute little blonde still hitched her skirt halfway up her leg, but she no longer laughed when Herbert looked at the leg, or something, with approval. She smiled provocatively and batted her eyelashes.

By the end of the week even Errol

Sanders, who had been so furious at Herbert's success that he could only grunt and snarl, was reduced to asking tentatively, "Uh, Herbert, could you ask her if she's got a friend who would—uh—go out with me?"

"Any girl will go out with you, Errol," Herbert replied generously. "All you've got to do is believe that she will."

It seemed to Herbert a perfectly reasonable assumption. He was not even unduly dismayed when Venus gave him the axe exactly one week from the day he had first met her.

She rushed breathlessly into the office after lunch and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Teddy bear!" she cried. "It worked. I just had lunch with him, and he proposed—right there in Sardi's and we're going to be married on Friday!"

"In Sardi's?" Herbert asked.

"Oh no," she said. "I don't know where. I don't care. Oh, Teddy, bear, he was absolutely white he was so jealous of you."

"Yes, I suppose he was," Herbert conceded. It did not surprise him that Mr. Garrick Murphy should be jealous of such a ladies' man.

"You're not angry with me, are you, Teddy bear?" Venus asked, as though she would like him to be—just a little.

"I'm terribly angry," he said. He looked past Venus at the other girls in the room. There was a little number down at the far end who had a nice swinging pair of hips, he thought to himself. Maybe he'd give her a try. Then there was the little blonde, of course.

"You're a sweet man, Teddy," Venus was saying. "You know, in a way I'm sorry that it has to end between us—but I've been after Garrick for centuries."

He was aware of Errol Sanders looking at him with a mixture of envy and admiration.

"Yes, I'm sorry, too, that it has to end," Herbert murmured.

Across the room the little blonde showed him the long curved line of her leg and lowered her eyes coyly.

Herbert Jelliman knew that for him it was not the end. It was just the beginning—of something. □□

PSYCHITA

(Continued from page 39)

truth about her medical history. Now, however, the story can—nay, must—be told. Fifteen years ago, a psychotic by the name of Normal Bates was committed to this very institution. I shan't go into the details of *his* particular split personality. Suffice it to say that Normal had a classical Oedipus complex. Whether or not we accept the orthodox Freudian doctrine of universality is immaterial, for most of us do not kill our rival-fathers. To all intents and purposes, though, Normal Bates did exactly that. He killed his mother—a divorcee—and her *lover*. The guilt and anguish he felt as a consequence of committing matricide toppled Norman over the brink to the insanity toward which he had been heading all along. In order to convince himself, so to speak, that he had *not* killed his mother, he *became* her. Not constantly, mind you. Sometimes, he was himself. Other times, he was her. And still other times he was, simultaneously, both himself *and* his mother.

MOM AND DAD: But what does all this have to do with Psychita, Doctor?

DR. LISTEN: Well, you see, in

some of the lower forms of life, there appears to be a gradual anatomical combining of the sexes. This is true, for example, in the ostracods, a group of shell-fish which actually reproduce their species by the process of self-impregnation. But this of course becomes rarer and rarer as we ascend the evolutionary scale. Nevertheless, it was discovered during a routine physical check-up of Normal Bates that he had a certain type of tumor known as the arrhenoblastoma, so named because it contains blastodermic cells. The blastoderm is one of the basic membranes in an unborn child, from which all the organs of the fetal body develop. Now, even though Normal Bates' actual mother was dead, her personality remained alive in one half of his mind, while—logically enough—in the other half of his mind Normal's Oedipal desires likewise remained alive. And, although it has been a well-kept secret all these years, one night he shattered medical history.

MOM AND DAD: You mean?

DR. LISTEN: Yes. Normal Bates was a *functional* hermaphrodite. He was Psychita's father and mother, both. He was also, as it were, her brother.

(*Fade in on a room in State Hospital, empty except for Psychita, sitting on a chair and smiling wanly. She is holding a middle-aged-man doll. As the camera moves further and further away, her thoughts are still audible—accompanied by slow, muted music.*)

PSYCHITA'S VOICE: So they think they're getting even by keeping me here till I'm an adult, huh? Oh, sure, I'll miss living a normal teenage life. I'll miss exerting a strong influence on family purchases from furniture to automobiles as well as commanding a sizable amount of disposable income on my own. I'll miss being a member of a group that saved the movie industry, that buys 90% of all the single records sold and half the albums, that spends more on clothes than the average for the total population, that spends \$300-million a year on cosmetics alone. Yes, I'll miss being part of the \$10-billion teen-age market. But I'll have the last laugh, society—because you haven't gained an inmate—you've lost a consumer.

(*The strains of "Psychita's theme" become louder and louder, drowning out the sound of a child-like giggle.*)

□□



BUDDY HACKETT'S FIGHT TO STAY INSANE

(Continued from page 24)

timidly. "No. Out of town." He slept in a field that night and when he got back to New York a bookie sent him out again, to the same mountains for an \$8 one-nighter.

"I drove a car," Hackett says, "to the end of an upstate road. Then I left it and walked a mile along a country lane. Then I forded a stream. Then I fought through some underbrush and sure enough, when I got through the fog, there was a resort hotel." When he returned, before he would send him out again the agent wanted to know how Buddy did. "I told him he would have to wait for the hotel's report. But they were never able to get any mail out of that joint."

When he was finally drawing a living wage from the Borscht resorts, Hackett began getting fired from jobs as fast as he got them. This was because he would sometimes drive his car right up on the hotel porch. On one occasion, he was sacked because he had recommended a starving friend for a job as head lifeguard. The friend turned out to be deathly afraid of water. Seeking to pacify the employer, Buddy explained, "Well, he can't swim, you know."

At home his conduct was better tolerated, except at New Utrecht High School. The football coach there refused to let him play in games because he was certain that as a ball-carrier Buddy would run the wrong way—for a laugh. In 1942, in a fit of adolescent fury, he quit the team and then high school entirely. Which is how he became the very first New Utrecht student to pass English 8 with honors while flunking English 7, an uncommon accomplishment considering the school had already processed such cut-ups as Abe Burrows, Michael Kidd, Dane Clark, Jack Carter, Arnold Stang, and Phil Foster. A few months after he had quit, he changed his mind and returned. To graduate on time, they made him take accelerated courses, two of which were English 7 and English 8.

Hackett was a cook and an anti-aircraft gun mechanic in the army un-



til 1945. Years later, he told an interviewer flatly: "There was nothing funny there. Nothing funny happened in the army." Some feel this is a matter of opinion. They point, for instance, to the time Hackett went on sick-call with a headache and had to summon all the noise within him to keep them from operating on his beautiful skull. There is also the incident of the pancakes Buddy had been detailed to fry one morning. His griddle was almost as long as the messhall, but because of a slow-moving line most of the pancakes were burning up. Waste was a serious thing in war time, Hackett knew, but at length he had solved the problem in completely steel-trap character. He began running up and down the line, frantically flipping cakes from the grill. He flung so efficiently that most of them hit the ceiling. For days, the hardened pancakes clung up there, evidence to an outraged mess officer that Hackett had been on the scene.

During the three years, Buddy and some pals had also devised the "carsale bit" for fun and profit. When they would come upon a late-model parked car, the boys would wait for a recruit to walk by. When one did, Hackett or an associate would stop him and explain hurriedly that they were shipping out and wouldn't the recruit like to buy their car. The quoted price was so low that only a fool could say no. When the recruit would be asked to hand over the agreed amount, he'd invariably say he would have to go back to the barracks for that kind of money. "Well, give us what you have on you," the

Hackett boys would cheerily suggest. After the recruit had forked over the long green, he would usually ask for the title and keys.

"We can't give you those until it's all paid for," would be the answer. "Meet us here tomorrow with the balance, though, and drive this wonderful car away, friend." Hackett and pals, naturally, did not show up the next day. It usually took them several days to spend the "down payment" money, and then they would be ready to "sell" a different car in another part of camp.

One lasting thing Buddy got from the army was the inspiration for his Chinese waiter routine. It originated with the accent of a fellow GI who had been drafted from Mott Street. In the stint, the waiter takes an order from an imaginary lady diner who decides on "fried lice" (fried rice), and who is "built like the brick wall of China." Coral Records sold 100,000 copies of the routine the first year it came out, and when he did it live for Eisenhower the President roared out loud. Nixon, Buddy told Barry Gray the next day, did not laugh at all. "It was a good show but he was out washing the golf clubs."

Hackett's first respectable civilian job was at \$40 a week in a small Brooklyn club. They already had one comic and to make matters more absurd, Buddy was bombing nightly without one good laugh. But the club's biggest spender, a bookmaker, had vouched for Hackett and the management decided after considerable self-struggle that it would be cheaper paying one more \$40 salary than losing its only big customer. With such dubious recommendations, the fledgling comic was, somehow, signed to play a bonafide Manhattan nitery. The spot was the Bal Tabarin on West 46th Street in New York and a great place to be seen. The paying patrons saw little of Buddy, however. On opening night, an army acquaintance strolled in and Buddy strolled out with him—during the middle of his performance. Shortly afterward, bad reviews in hand, Hackett was playing bigger clubs at several hundred dollars a week. When the



"I'm allergic to mink, Mr. Sneed. If you were to give me one now, it would probably make me so weak, I wouldn't have the strength to go home tonight."

auto dealer took the reins in the early 1950's, Hackett, although far from the nationally famous comic he was to become, was soon a \$2,000 to \$3,500-a-week regular at Miami Beach, Reno and other top spots.

In 1952, he went to Hollywood and was cast in such epics as *Fireman, Save My Child*, and *Walking My Baby Back Home*. These brought him a two-year Universal contract but he was not asked to participate in any other pictures. Buddy felt that he should not continue to draw the sal-

ary without working and asked the studio to suspend it. They didn't know he was serious, so they had a good laugh and kept on sending the checks. When the contract finally expired, he was not only free to work for other movie companies but he had become a high-paid star. So, what did he do? He mailed a completely legal due-bill to Universal which read: "I owe you one picture. Signed, Buddy Hackett."

The really big hotel money started coming his way in 1953, and after announcing to the press that, "Basic-

ally, I'm a no good, lazy bum," Hackett adopted a schedule designed to permit a great deal of sipping wine on the beach in Florida. His fondness for the grape dated from a boyhood engagement with an improbable Coney Island act called "Tirza and Her Wine Bath," wherein the boss had let him drink all the unused equipment. Thus when playwright Sidney Kingsley went south to find Hackett, the trail ended at 10 a.m. in a Miami Beach bar. Buddy was surrounded by three beautiful girls and was drinking out of a bucket.

"Mr. Hackett," the meticulous Kingsley cleared his throat and began. "I wonder if you would care to be in a Broadway play?" Buddy put the bucket down. "You mean," he said, "stand up and read the same lines every night? With no broads like these around?" The playwright nodded. Hackett roared, "Hell no!" Then he picked up the bucket for an extra-long pull. One of the young women remembers that Buddy's face looked like it had just seen a ghost. Kingsley, too, was somewhat unsettled.

In 1954, Frank Faske phoned Buddy and told him to go see Kingsley. There was a role in his new play, *Lunatics and Lovers*, which with luck just might be landed. "I already got the part," Buddy answered, "don't worry about a thing." He had to give up \$38,000 worth of bookings, break another movie contract, and be content with a salary that was exactly \$80 a week less than he needed to support his family. But in true Hackett fashion he auditioned and received the lead in the play. At first, the challenge to a comic who had known no other form of show business but stand-up ribaldry delighted him. "It's like a shiny new toy. I always expect someone's gonna say, hey, put that down. It ain't yours!" he told a friend. A rank beginner, he was upstaged by "career" performers mercilessly. But he made the show a hit and, when he was given the cherished Donaldson Award, a snobbish crowd gathered for the usual egotistical story about the trials and agonies of the dedicated artist. "It was so easy," Hackett confessed to the dismay of every other actor in town, "that sometimes I had

to keep myself from yawning up there."

It is in TV, more than any other medium, that Hackett is regarded with fearful distrust as a dangerous non-conformist. Time and again the stuff-shirted "great men" who guide the futures of the major channels, painfully aware of his ratings potential, have approached Hackett only to get their fingers burned worse than before. The shrewdest of these geniuses will probably never understand the Hackett kind of reasoning.

In 1956, when producer Max Liebman announced his return to TV with a half-hour series he called "Stanley," the atmosphere was tense. Everyone in the industry knew a master perfectionist was at work and that millions of dollars were being put on the line. Amidst such careful preparations somebody thought to interview the comparatively unknown star of the series. They found Hackett giving orders to a cameraman: "Nothing fancy . . . on some of these programs, they move in until there's nothing but a big eye on the screen. Then people start calling repair men. There's an eye in my set, they say, come quick and get it out."

Buddy won an award as the noseey hotel lobby newswelder in the series' title role, but reviews were terrible and after eight shows the program was taken off the air. Because fan mail and ratings had been running high at the end, speculation behind Leibman's first failure was drawn out and profuse. After a forum of \$4-word arguments had been conducted by every critic, producer and show doctor in town, Buddy was kind enough to explain everything in one sentence. "You see," said he, "We needed Milton Berle." Then he began to noisily destroy the dignity of a touchy network official's office with a dripping, mammoth turkey wing. "I like to eat them because they make me look like Henry VIII," he grinned.

When Hackett expounds on the subject of high finance, an area where let it be said he practices what he preaches, he is not only on more comfortable ground but absolutely fascinating. In the eyes of many he is also insane. For five years, he has re-

fused even the minimum payment for his work at the plush Concord Hotel, where he is a recurrent success. "Hell, I met my wife there and they gave us all the chopped liver you could eat." One reason he likes the swank Catskill hotel, Buddy says, "is because the snow-making machine doubles to manufacture some very good sour cream in the summer." When a while back he was pitifully trying to crowd his bulk into a tiny two-room Manhattan apartment, the hotel offered him a ten-room house with several acres of grounds free. But Buddy turned it down. "There's an old couple living there now, and they can stay as long as they like."

Accurately cited as a successful stock market player, when he was asked his secret Hackett knitted his brow and poured out the news that he only reads the stock reports "when the market is up." He also tells of a "lesson" he learned about wealth when he purchased his first \$200 suit. He was very proud and the first time he wore it was to a fan's new million-dollar Miami home. As soon as he got there, he jumped in the swimming pool in the suit, he explains, "because it was something I had to do. First, I wanted to get a laugh; second, I had to prove to myself that I could afford to jump in a pool in a new \$200 suit." There is a moral to this story, but it has not yet been pinned down.

In the beginning, back in Boro Park, Brooklyn, there was practically never any money in Hackett's pockets. His father, an upholsterer, had invented the convertible sofa. But, as Buddy says, "Sometimes the hand didn't get to the mouth 'cause there was nuttin' in the hand. He was a lousy businessman. We didn't have of the material things. However, what we lacked in material things, we also lacked in warmth, and care, and love.

"But I found out that if you made people laugh, they liked you. Most people got to like me because I made them laugh. When they didn't, I hit them." This would all be very well, even charming, if so many people haven't said the story is true.

Once, Phyllis Battelle of the Hearst newspapers asked Buddy for some information on his "innermost life."

He told her that sometimes he was seized with the idea of going into the upholstery business himself. "When I get that feeling I go back home and tear up a chair or a sofa, then put it together again." But, he sighed, he supposed he could do better as a comedian, "because I'm very funny. I look at people—even girls—and they're laughing, is how I know. I proposed to 11 girls and they all laughed right in my face. I stuck cigars down their throats."

One girl didn't laugh. Her name was Sherry and she was a devastatingly beautiful mambo teacher. Buddy married her, but to this day he is worried because she doesn't laugh when he is being funny. "She's one of dem nuts you run into, I guess." Another writer recently told Hackett, "You once described yourself as a guy with beady brown eyes, who wore pink polka dot shorts, and ate breakfast at the break of evening." Buddy avowed that a wife and kids had toned him down a bit. Then as usual he went on to say the wrong thing. "I used to be a wild nut running loose, and you know something? I miss it."

The Hacketts live in a palatial estate at Fort Lee, New Jersey, which they acquired when its original owner, Albert Anastasia, was slain in a nearby barber's chair. During a year of inoccupancy, the ex-ganglord's mansion had suffered \$8,500 damage by vandals, accrued \$2,000 in back taxes to the borough, and become the target of a Federal lien for unpaid income-taxes amounting to \$125,000. "When it came up at a sheriff's auction," Buddy points out with unconcealed pride, "somebody bid \$100. My lawyer bid \$64,000."

He invited Earl Wilson over to look at the house and the latter was bowed over by the seven bedrooms, six baths and a special steam room. Anastasia had also built in a laundry chute, elaborate private phone system, and a miniature Paris street on a patio overlooking the Hudson River. But Buddy's interest was centered in the cellar. "Wait'll you see it," he gasped to the columnist. "It looks like the Copacabana!" Before the pair got to the basement, Buddy stopped to indicate the spot where he was thinking

of putting a swimming pool "Most any day now." Wilson assured him he was a stupendous success and asked how long it would take to have the place furnished. "We figure," Hackett told him, "it will be fixed up in 19 years. I'm broke now, but that's when I'm gonna retire."

Wilson was engrossed with the tremendous view of Manhattan the estate offered, so Buddy remarked, "You know, Earl, this makes Fire Island look like the Bronx, doesn't it?" The columnist said he'd never been to Fire Island. "Me neither," said Hackett in characteristic innocence. "My wife and me are both Brooklyn." This brought up the question of how the comic had ever managed to land and get along with such a beautiful wife. "That's easy! When I get up, I say, 'Good morning,' and 'I'm sorry.' That covers me for the whole day."

Almost from the day the mansion was purchased, it has become infamous for the drinking parties it has generated. Jan Murray assays these as "pretty wild," and says often several groups of celebrities can be found holding separate parties throughout the house. Another regular is Hugh

Downs, who admits that as a host Buddy is impossible. One time, Downs recalls, a tipsy guest had disappeared and Buddy was dispatched to bring him back to the fold. He finally found the man in a bedroom, after searching every other room of the rambling mansion. But when Buddy sat down on the bed to revive the fellow, the search had so exhausted him, he promptly dozed off himself. He missed a good party that night, but he later "explained" that this was all right because the party had been given in his honor.

Hackett drinks beer at his parties because he's convinced it's less fattening than whiskey. It is true that he goes for checkups to an MD regularly. But the doctor he goes to is a gynecologist. Still, Hackett feels he has learned a good deal from the man. Indeed, earlier this year he told Jack Paar he was all set to actually deliver the first-born of a fellow comic. "I just know I can do it," was Hackett's final word on the subject. When the man's wife heard of the agreement her husband had made with Buddy, her last word was "divorce."

Buddy's current plans are, naturally, as nebulous and crazy as ever. When

Hy Gardner asked him what his plans were, out of nowhere Buddy came up with another nightmare. "Why, I am studying Spanish," he said. "I'd like to play them South American countries! Boy!" The one and only former brush with the Latin sphere had been a typical Hackett disaster. He was booked to entertain on a luxury liner tropical cruise, but he got seasick and had to hide in a room below decks. When he came up for air two days later, he found he'd been written off as having been washed overboard. He swears he arrived in time to hear the tail-end of his funeral services.

At the moment, Buddy is having a wonderful time but he knows it can't last. People just won't let him alone. "People tell me they're going to make me one of the biggest stars in the country. But nobody ever tells me I'm going to be happy." Three publishers have begun begging him to write a book, a book about anything. And then there is good old television, that strange entertainment animal which breaks all the rules and publicizes its defeats with every bit as much vigor as it does its victories. Despite a recent letter from the still steady Hackett hand, which was aimed right at their much-touted high standards ("I wouldn't want to do the best TV show, just something average.") NBC says they don't care what he's said, they want him. The show, they promise, can be anything the roly-poly madman desires. And it can be once a week, once a month, or twice a year!

Probably the network should not hold its illustrious breath. For, Mr. Buddy Hackett has more important matters to attend to at this time. It's like he says:

"What I'd really like to do is rent a little theater off Broadway and get a couple of guys in there. We'd have laughs every night. We'd have 13 broads up there. Not doing anything, or saying anything. Just walking around, good to look at, and we'd make with the laughs. I know I'd lose a few thousand. But so what?"

Anybody disagree with the logic in *this*? If they do, they'd best keep their lips sealed. Otherwise, they might just get a cigar rammed down their throats!



"What does that gadget do?"

FIRST TIME FOR J.J.

(Continued from page 21)

"First . . . let's grab a cup of java." Benny quickly agreed. J.J. said nothing.

"Shake your butt, cutie, I don't want it to freeze off."

The Sheik pulled her along before she could reply. Benny tried getting a sidelong look at the girl. Her face was partially hidden by her hunched in shoulder. Benny then noticed the soft turn in the calf of her long leg. He ran his tongue across the edge of his lips. She noticed him just then, and Benny bit his lip sharply.

"Where's your pad, baby?"

J.J. shrugged aimlessly at the Sheik's question.

"Yeah, yeah, I know . . . you're slummin' tonight, huh?"

J.J. said nothing. The lights up ahead of them glared harshly. The neon blinked unevenly on two of the coffee shop letters.

"The cheap Polack oughta fix them friggin' blinkers."

The Sheik hissed angrily as the dying first f, and second e, sputtered weakly dispelling the electronic illusion that fresh coffee could possibly await them.

"He says they charge an arm and a leg to fix them fancy lights, Sheik."

The Sheik spat dry at the curb.

"He's fulla horseshit. All dem Pole-skis got a bundle stuck away somewhere."

J.J. coughed slightly, and wiped at her cold running nose.

The Sheik looked closely at her.

"You ain't got no dose or nuttin', have ya?"

She quickly shook her frizzy curl blonde head.

"You gimme a dose, I'll hunt ya up, an' cut your ass off, ya hear."

She said nothing in reply. Benny looked nervously at her. The dim glare of neon wilderness flickered a frog-belly green glare across her face. The cold night air whipped loose her frizzy curls, and danced them across her milk soft cheeks. A breath of cold escaped her petal point lips, and flew foggily into the icy night. Benny was pitifully aware of her attractiveness.

The Sheik pulled savagely at the door handle of the coffee shop en-

trance. The door stuck rigidly. The Sheik then kicked angrily against the chipped wood door, and rattled the pane of time scarred glass.

"Open up, ya Polack bastard!"

Old man Lubastanski hurried to the door. Quickly, he let them in.

"Ya want me to freeze my nuts off out there, or somethin'?"

Lubastanski was all thumbs in ushering them in.

"The door was shtuck, Sheik."

"Up your poop, man. Fix it!"

Lubastanski hastily nodded.

"Sure tink, Sheik. I fix tomorrow."

The Sheik flung his heavy black overcoat over a nearby chair. Benny offered to hang the girl's coat. She politely thanked him, but held tight to her coat. Benny half-opened his black leather jacket, and let it hang loose from his lean body.

"T'ree coffee, black, Polack."

Lubastanski hurried to reheat the pale coffee. The Sheik felt along the top silk of the girl's knee. He squeezed the thigh flesh, until she winced.

"You're the goods, all right. No bony jazz to you."

J.J. nodded in some agreement. Benny smiled at the Sheik.

"I dig chicks with meat. Makes me want to put hooks into them."

The Sheik winked broadly at Benny. The girl sat straight-backed, and remained silent.

The Sheik ran his long fingers higher along her thigh. His short, squeezing grips held her in much discomfort. Finally, the Sheik relaxed his grip, and let free of her cold flesh.

"You wanna talk toikey now, or after the java?"

Just then, Lubastanski hustled the trayful of coffee cups, and poured carefully from the coffee pot.

"Pour em, then blow, huh."

Lubastanski weakly smiled back. He poured precisely, making sure not to spill even one drop, then backed off.

"Would you . . . like a Danish, maybe?" asked Benny.

J.J. hesitated answering.

"Go 'hed, kid. Feast up. Benny's losin' his virginity, you're gettin' a Danish."

Benny blanched under the Sheik's statement. He felt very small in front of this girl now.

"I . . . I'll take a prune Danish," she answered.

"Me, too," Benny jabbed in.

"Two prune, Polack. An' make sure they's fresh, see," warned the Sheik.

Lubastanski nodded.

"Always fresh, Sheik. You know dot."

"Cut the con, huh. Jus bring em over." The Sheik looked at the girl, then back to Lubastanski.

"Make it apple pie for me!"

Lubastanski almost silently cut the apple pie slice, then tossed two prune Danish on separate platters, and brought them to the table. He departed before the Sheik could bawl him out, for not bringing a napkin.

A pock-faced young Puerto Rican boy, about sixteen, entered the shop. He nodded to Benny, then hurried to the end of the counter when the Sheik glared at him.

"Dat Spick bastard a pal of yours?"

Benny fiddled with the sugar bowl for a moment. He intentionally spilled some to distract the Sheik from his question. The Sheik held him fast with an unwavering look.

"I asked ya a question!"

Benny did not like the tone the Sheik voiced at him. It was filled with many meanings.

"I played basketball wid 'im once at the Center."

"His sonovabitch brudder tried skinnin' me oncet wid a shiv. 'Member what happen to 'im, Benny?"

Benny recalled the bloody scar that was slashed deep into Romo Cordonez's once handsome face.

"Spicks don't forget. So don't go hand holdin' wid 'em. Dey might use ya to play darts wit."

Benny silently nodded to the warning. J.J. sipped the hot coffee, and some color came back to her cheeks.

"Hey, doll, you ever make it wit a Spick, huh?"

The girl shook her head. The Sheik gave her a long wink.

"You got no favrits, huh? Real United Nations style for you, huh?"

J.J. sipped quietly from the rough edged coffee cup. Harry the Fiddler gestured with his hands toward J.J., from his familiar counter stool. The Sheik raised his palm, and indicated

for Harry to stay put. Harry sat still. "How'd you get the name J.J.?" asked Benny.

"My father wanted a boy. John Joseph was the name he picked out. I came along, so he stuck the initials on me," answered J.J.

"Wuz dat all he stuck ya wit, doll?"

The Sheik laughed heartily at his question. Sal Pennicola waved to the Sheik, as he passed their table for the third time in as many minutes.

"Sal's grabbin' hisself a case of hot pants," chuckled the Sheik.

"Yeah," answered the perspiring Benny.

"Hey, doll, ya know sumptin, you gonna be Benny's foist piece?"

Benny began to weakly protest the remark, but quieted when the Sheik tired of the protest.

"When wuz your foist time, doll?"

J.J. did not answer. The Sheik roughly grabbed her by the elbow.

"I aksed ya a question. I wan' a

quick answer, see." The Sheik tightened his pointed hold.

"It . . . it's my . . . my first time at this."

Benny bit hard into his prune Danish, and let the loose prune filling run along his mouth and chin. The Sheik shook with convulsive laughter at her answer.

"You tink I'm a dummy, or sumptin? Who ya puttin' on wit dat foist time shit."

Lubastanski came bustling back to the table. He wiped the grease from his stumpy fingers, along his faded apron.

"Anytink else, Sheik? Puddink, maybe?"

"When I wanchyu, I'll call. Now beat it," snapped the Sheik.

Lubastanski awkwardly stumbled a retreat behind the counter. The Sheik leveled the girl with a cold look.

"Awright, less git down to bizniss. How much?"

J.J. sipped the last of the coffee, and hesitated an answer. Finally, she put up five fingers.

"Ya must be off ya rocker, kiddo. A fin ain't da downtown number. Anyways, maybe them bumps iz falsies, huh?"

J.J. lowered her gaze. Benny felt a sickness at the bottom of his stomach.

"Okay, okay, so they're fa real. Dat still don't rate no fin. How's 'bout a deuce a head . . . all the guys ya kin handle?"

J.J. slowly raised her head. She counted twelve.

"Da Spick is out. An' the ole man, the Polack, he couldn' make ya anyways. Dat leaves twenny bucks. How's 'bout it?"

J.J. took a deep breath, then nodded quickly. The Sheik nodded to the others who awaited his sign. Harry the Fiddler licked his puffy lips juicily. Sal smiled back at the girl. The others looked her up and down in contemplation.

The Sheik settled the bill, and tossed Lubastanski a dime that rolled off the counter, and forced the old man to bend for under the counter.

"I . . . I'd like the money first, please."

The Sheik whirled upon the girl in sudden anger.

"Wadda ya take me for, a dope or sumptin? When the action's over, ya git ya loot. Not before den!" The frightened girl agreed to the Sheik's proposition.

The Sheik went around the room, collecting the money. A few brief hassles ensued, but finally the money was collected. The Sheik shoved the sixteen dollars in front of her face.

"An' my deuce, makes it eighteen," said the Sheik, pulling out two crumpled dollar bills. Benny pulled out a dollar's worth of quarters and dimes.

"I only got a ace, Sheik," he said, holding the coins in his sweaty palm.

"I'll lay it out fa ya, Benny," smiled the Sheik, as he folded another dollar bill atop the pile. The girl looked at the money, but said nothing. The Sheik folded the bills over once, and shoved them inside his coat pocket.



"Oh, about the same—how's things with you?"

Then he led the girl toward the door. Benny followed, a pace behind. The others hung back, waiting for a sign from the Sheik.

"Follow me, one at a time you guys. When we hit Frankie Rammo's gas station, dat's it. I got da key to da back room behind the grease pits."

Five minutes later, the Sheik, Benny, and the teeth-clenched J.J. reached the back of the gas station. Hard icicles formed over the rear door. The Sheik took a long key from his pocket. He shoved it inside a half-rusted lock, and twisted hard.

"Sunovabitch, da damn ting's stuck," muttered the Sheik.

J.J. stood quietly to the side, her eyes focused on her saddle shoe tops. The Sheik tried to pressure the lock open. It stuck fast, trying the Sheik's patience sorely. The long key suddenly snapped inside the lock and broke off at the end. Down the block, the others whistled impatiently, in the freezing cold.

"Hold ya mudder-friggin horses, will ya," roared the Sheik.

The others silenced again, and waited. The Sheik picked up a rusting crowbar that lay nearby. He inserted it inside the loop of the lock, and smashed down hard. The lock ripped free of the catch, and hung loosely from the door. The Sheik hastily pulled the wooden door open, then tossed the crowbar away.

J.J. followed the Sheik inside, and Benny closely followed her. Benny noticed the fineness to her soft curls. He guessed her to be about a year older than he. Benny recalled his sixteenth birthday party that had taken place some four weeks before. He recalled how sick the wine had made him.

"It ain't da Ritz, or da Waldorf, baby. But, for what we come for, it's plenty good enough."

The Sheik snapped the dim overhead bulb on. The grease rags, oil cans, and used car parts lay scattered about the room. In a corner was a battered old cot, with the mattress tearing loose at the sides. An odd assortment of stainsmeared across the dusty cot. The Sheik had been here many times before.

"I'm foist. Strip, baby!"

J.J. balked at the sharp command. "I want him to be first."

J.J. pointed towards Benny. Benny paled when he noticed the scowl on the Sheik's face. The Sheik walked close to J.J., and slapped her sharply across the face with an open palm.

"I go foist, see," snapped the Sheik.

"No," came J.J.'s soft reply.

The silence held long between them. Benny backed nearer to the door. He had heard of the Sheik's temper with girls who balked him. He also recalled the same look upon the Sheik's swarthy face, just before the older Cordoba brother had been cut open across the cheek.

"Don't push me, doll."

"He goes first," came J.J.'s even answer.

The Sheik stepped nearer to her, then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Ya like voigins. Take 'im."

Benny nervously grinned back at the Sheik.

"Afta da kid finishes, I'll show ya what a man is like, baby."

J.J. said nothing. The Sheik rapped Benny across the back, and with a hearty laugh, bade him to commence.

"Use it good, Benny. Make like she's Ava Gardner, huh. Make her cry uncle."

Benny coughed his reply. The Sheik opened the door, and began to leave.

"Hey, Benny . . . don't fall in, huh!"

The door slammed shut, and Benny could hear the echo of the Sheik's laughter as it trailed off.

J.J. sat on the cot heavily. Benny stood watching her closely.

"We'd better start," she said uneasily.

"Sure, sure," Benny replied.

He loosened his tie quickly, then began to fumble with his shirt. The girl undid her thin cloth coat, then began to unroll her stockings.

"You could leave 'em on . . . it's kind of cold."

"I don't want to rip them," she answered, as she carefully unrolled them, and undid the garter. Benny began to breathe heavily in the close air. He watched her remove her pale blue sweater, then unhook her faded brassiere. Her ample young breasts pushed free, and stood firm. Benny

stood absolutely still.

J.J. stepped out of her plaid skirt, and carefully hung it on a suspended nail hook. She began to shiver in her close blue panties. Benny could hear the slow chatter of her teeth.

"Ya want my jacket to keep warm," offered Benny. She shook her head.

"I mean . . . ya di'nt have to take everything off."

"I'll be all right," she replied.

Holding to an overhead beam, she supply stepped out of her soft panties. Benny looked longingly, but stood stiff, as she stood naked before him.

"How . . . how come ya picked me for da first man?"

"You seemed nicer than the others."

Benny could not help but look at her pinkish body.

"Wha . . . wha made ya come to our neighborhood?"

"It's a long story."

"Is dis really your first time? On the level?"

J.J. nodded to him.

"Sheik tole you the truth. It's my first time, too. I . . . I'm kinda scared."

Benny fumbled badly with his belt buckle.

"Let me help you."

"I can do it," snapped Benny angrily.

J.J. stepped back, then sat on the battered cot. Benny undressed quickly.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you," he apologized.

"That's all right."

"The Sheik's gonna be sorer than Hell 'bout this. I mean . . . he's a big man 'roun' the corner. An . . . you made him look bad."

J.J. wrapped her arms around her body to keep warm.

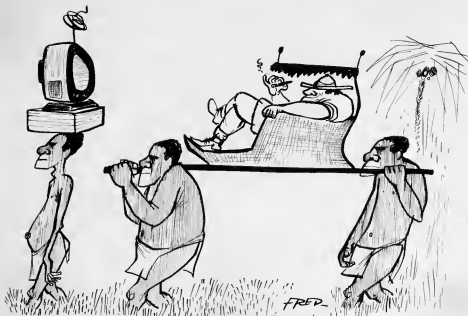
"You made it hot for me. He's gonna kick my can in for me, I tell you. You . . . you shoulda let him go first."

J.J. watched Benny remove the last of his clothing. His body was much thinner than she thought it would be.

"You one of them broads got to make it wit every guy? One of dem nymphs?"

"No."

Benny fidgeted on the balls of his feet. J.J. held out an encouraging hand to him. Benny shivered as the



cold wind sneaked in from a window crack, and raised goose bumps on his skin. Benny breathed heavily.

"I . . . I'm scared."

J.J. saw the look of indecision cross Benny's soft face. She tried to smile.

"I'm scared too."

"Then . . . whadda ya puttin' out for us for, answer me that."

J.J. held Benny's hand, then led him to sit beside her on the cleaner end of the cot.

"It don't really matter now."

Benny fumbled kissing her long, soft neck.

"You're a nice boy, Benny. An' better lookin' than any of them others. Really."

Benny's frail chest swelled with pride. He wished the others, especially the Sheikh, could hear her words. J.J. leaned back on the cot and braced her legs.

"Don't . . . don't hurt me, huh. Please."

Benny leaned over her. She looked at him with tender eyes. Benny knelt beside her, and sobs began to wrack his body.

"I . . . I can't," he sobbed.

"I'd rather it was you. Kiss me, if it'll help."

Benny kissed her. Then, he kissed her again. And again.

At last, when all was still, Benny thanked her.

"You're nice, Benny. I'm glad it was you."

J.J. kissed him lightly on his boyish lips. Benny held her close for a long time.

There was a sharp rap on the door.

"Come on. Hustle it up."

Benny could tell that the Sheikh was angry.

"You gotta see them other guys?"

J.J. nodded.

"I could slip ya out the back way."

J.J. shrugged her head. She pulled the dirty blanket cover about her to keep warm.

"Why," pleaded Benny, "why ya gotta see them other guys for?"

"I . . . I just got to."

Benny could hear the Sheikh's impatient footsteps outside. He slowly began to put his clothes back on. J.J. watched the hurt creep into his eyes.

"Benny . . ."

He stopped dressing, and turned to her. Outside, the Sheikh's footsteps quickened in impatience.

"He ain't gonna like havin' to go second. He ain't gonna like dat at all."

"It don't really matter," she said. "Why?"

J.J. decided to tell him.

"My mother, well . . ." J.J. hesitated to go on.

"She's got . . . cancer . . . an' she's dyin'."

"I'm sorry," whispered Benny.

"She's dyin', an' we ain't got the money to bury her with. It ain't right

someone should die, an' get buried in one of them empty graves with no stone. You know what I mean, Benny?"

"Yeah," murmured Benny.

"I mean . . . people should remember you by at least a good burial, an' a stone. That's only right, ain't it?"

Benny closed his eyes to what she was saying. He tried not to hear her.

"I'll get the money for her. An' she'll have a nice stone. An' . . . you think God would forgive me, Benny, if I stop soon as the stone's paid for?"

"Sure," answered Benny, "sure."

Benny turned, and put his hand on the cold doorknob.

"It's only right for her to be buried decently. She never done nobody no hurt in her whole life. Never." Benny turned back to her.

"Thanks, J.J.," he whispered.

Benny quickly opened the door, and ran past the Sheikh. He wondered if he would ever again see the strange creature he had come to know as J.J.

Hours later, as they gulped the last of Lubastanski's coffee, Benny turned to the Sheikh.

"Ya paid her off, Sheikh, didn't ya?"

The Sheikh smiled at Benny, while in his pocket he fingered the twenty dollar bills, and Benny's change.

"Sure, kid, sure I paid her off."

The Sheikh gulped the last of his coffee, put the cup down, and began to leave. Benny followed him out. The night air cut sharply at their faces.

"She's okay ain't she, Sheikh? I mean . . . nothin' happened, huh?"

The Sheikh rubbed his bruised right hand knuckles. He wondered if he'd broken her jaw when he'd clouted her, after the number ten man, Fats Greller, had come out, and then she'd asked the Sheikh for her money. He hoped he'd busted her jaw good, for letting Benny go ahead of him. He could still see her naked body twisted half off the cot, and dragging along the dirty floor, as she tried to rise.

"She got paid off, kid. That's all dat counts, don't it?"

Benny nodded. Then, he hurried home to his warm bed. There was no one to scold him for coming in so late. No one at all. □□

THE QUEST

(Continued from page 29)

"You are going into the Wide World to find fame and fortune. They are very nice things to have—but, remember, money doesn't bring happiness."

"What does bring happiness, father?" Reginald asked, eagerly.

The old man sighed and bowed his head. "I have read somewhere that the rarest thing in the world is a Prostitute With A Heart Of Gold. I do not know where you can find such a creature or even what one looks like. But if you find one it is bound to bring you happiness.

The next morning, Reginald left the cottage of his parents. With him, he carried their parting gifts: A bag from his mother containing a potato sandwich and an extra pair of socks, and a purse from his father which held the old man's life savings of \$4.37 in nickles and pennies.

Reginald was on his way to the big city. The road was long and hard, but the boy was strong and willing to work. Every day he'd trudge along the highway. At night he chopped wood or did such other chores that the friendly country folk asked him to do in return for dinner and a bed.

Of course, he kept in mind the advice his father and mother had given him. He was careful to give honest work for his food and he kept his eyes open for a Prostitute With A Heart Of Gold.

In the meantime, he found some of the magical things he'd heard about. One day a young man in a small, noisy car stopped and offered to take him a few more miles toward his destination.

"What am I riding in?" Reginald asked.

"A sports car," his new-found acquaintance replied.

Ab, thought Reginald. So this is a sports car. It is magical and must be fun to operate. One day I must have one of my own.

A week later he noticed a big box inside a farmhouse livingroom. At the front of the box was a glass screen and, on the screen, little figures moved and laughed and fought.

"What's that?" Reginald asked in awe.

"That is a television set," the farmer replied.

Ab, thought Reginald. This, too, is magical and interesting. One day I must have one for my own.

On the third week, he noticed an extra figure in a friendly farmhouse where he stopped for a meal. There was the farmer whom he recognized by his gruff voice and his calloused hands, the farmer's wife who had a softer voice and the round figure that farmer's wives are supposed to have, but what on earth the third person was Reginald could not guess.

This person had a soft voice like the farmer's wife, but a much slimmer figure except where it jutted out in two charming hillocks that were set on its chest, of all places, and where it curved out at the rear.

Reginald noticed that the hillocks bounced and the rear wriggled whenever it walked.

"What are you?" he asked politely.

The creature giggled. "I'm a girl," it said.

Ab, thought Reginald. So this is a girl. I don't know what use it can be. It can't hoe fields like the farmer or cook like the farmer's wife. But it is pretty to look at and I think I will have one of these some day.

It was not very long after that, that a gentleman in a long sedan stopped by the side of the road and asked Reginald if he wished a lift.

Once Reginald was inside, the gentleman (who, incidentally, was a Cynic by trade) asked him where he was going.

"To the big city," the young man said. "In order to make my fortune."

The Cynic knew all about the big city, and he happily gave Reginald the benefit of his years of experience. Reginald listened and learned. Though he did keep several reservations to himself.

"Tell me, sir," Reginald said when the Cynic paused. "You know everything. I am puzzled by this: What does one do with a girl?"

The Cynic's explanation was brief, but complete and graphic. Reginald listened intently. He found it hard to believe what the Cynic was saying. Frankly, the anatomical details struck him as somehow impossible. But as

he was a curious youth and anxious to learn, he determined to test the truth for himself at the very first opportunity.

In the meantime, as long as the Cynic was being so helpful, he asked another question: "What is a Prostitute, sir? And how do you tell if one has a heart of gold?"

The Cynic laughed harshly the way Cynics like to. "A Prostitute is a girl and a girl is a Prostitute—no more, no less. But none of them have hearts of gold. That's just an old myth."

Reginald did not believe the latter statement. He knew that Prostitutes With Hearts Of Gold were rare and it was likely that the Cynic, with all his experience, had never met one. But if his father said they exist, then exist they must! He would not give up his search.

Reginald was too polite to contradict the man, though. He thanked him and filed the information inside his brain.

A few days later, Reginald was able to put some of the Cynic's advice to the test. He was walking along when he noticed one of those strange creatures he'd been taught to identify as a girl coming in the other direction. They hailed each other, and he asked the girl who she was and where she was going.

"I am a Hitch Hiker," the girl replied. "Actually, I'm a College Student, but I decided that Hitch Hiking around the country would give me experience."

"Oh," said Reginald. He did not ask her what a College Student was, or what a Hitch Hiker was, or even what experience was. Instead, he put his arms about her, threw her to the ground and began following the Cynic's directions.

And what delightfully accurate directions they were! All those amazing anatomical changes that the Cynic had predicted were actually taking place! At first the girl struggled, just as he'd been warned she would. But, still following directions, he paid no attention and soon the girl was cooperating in a most remarkable way.

"Wow!" the girl said, afterwards, with respect in her eyes. "That was really good."

"Did you like it?" Reginald was pleased. "Would you like to do it again?"

"If you think you can."

"Well," Reginald replied, "as my dear parents used to say, the only way to find out is to try."

And try he did. Sure enough, the same thing happened for a second time. And a third. And a fourth. And a fifth.

I said that Reginald was a strong boy. But all strength has its limit. Reginald was just about reaching his when the girl passed out.

Poor thing, Reginald thought to himself, contritely. I hope I haven't hurt her and that she will not be angry with me when she wakes up.

When she did come to, however, the girl was the opposite of angry. Indeed, she was so bubbling over with gratitude that she offered to do whatever Reginald wanted if he'd only take her with him. "Because you've given me the greatest gift," she said. "Experience."

But all Reginald wanted her to do was to answer a single question: "Are you a Prostitute With A Heart Of Gold?" he asked.

Unaccountably, the girl burst out crying. "I wouldn't go with you, now, if you were the last man on Earth," she said. "You men are all alike. You take advantage of a girl and then call her names! Now go away and leave me."

Reginald was confused and uncertain. He didn't know what he had done to cause so much unhappiness.

The next day, he got his last ride from a friendly Truck Driver who said that he was going all the way to the big city. He told the friendly Driver the story of the girl and asked him what he did wrong.

"She was insulted because you called her a Prostitute," the Truck Driver explained. "You see, it is a question of status. There are two types of girls. There are Amateurs and there are Professionals. A Prostitute is a Professional. You call one of them an Amateur and she'd be insulted."

"Then all girls are not Prostitutes?"

"Of course not. Some do it for the sport, like yours did."

Ab, thought Reginald to himself. Then the Cynic, with all his experience, was wrong. He thought that since all prostitutes are girls, all girls must be prostitutes. A natural mistake, but one I shall not make again.

On thinking it over, Reginald decided that a Prostitute must be the more moral of the two. It was she who gave value for value received, after all.

When Reginald reached the big city, he found an inexpensive lodging house and a job. The job consisted of washing dishes in a place called a cafeteria where people went to eat. Reginald did not think the food was very good. They had many items for sale, but no potato sandwiches like his mother used to make.

With the money he earned, Reginald visited Prostitutes that he found by asking helpful Cab Drivers. Many of these girls were pretty, and some had worked out curious refinements on the basic act. But none had a Heart Of Gold. At least they all denied having one, and it seemed to Reginald that if a girl had such an unusual object, she'd proudly talk about it.

Once, just after Reginald entered a prostitute's room, the door opened again and two Large Men burst in. One Man had a bulge at his side that Reginald recognized as a gun. The other had thick hands and a cruel smile.

They demanded that the Prostitute hand over her earnings to them.

Keeping in mind his mother's statement, Reginald asked what they had done for her that she should give money to them.

"Keep out of this Ruben," the man with the gun said. And before Reginald could point out that his name was not Ruben, the man slapped the girl for not handing the money over quickly enough.

Reginald knew that this was no way to treat a woman. Especially if she is a prostitute. He had been around the big city long enough to absorb some of its folk-sayings like: "Treat a whore like a lady."

So, without considering further, Reginald punched the Man with the

gun in his ribs. He broke three of them. Then he hit him in the nose and broke that.

The thick fingered Man grew very angry when he noticed his friend writhing on the floor. Reginald tried to explain, but the Man was punching him so fast he couldn't get the words out. He grabbed his arm to stop him. Unfortunately, he grabbed too hard and broke that as well.

When Reginald got angry he could be very clumsy.

The Prostitute screamed and ran out of her apartment. Reginald went after her to tell her to return and help finish what they hadn't really started.

But the girl did not wish to go back with Reginald. In fact, she didn't wish to go anywhere with Reginald. She was very angry with him for breaking her two Large Men. "What shall I do now?" she cried. "Who will deal with Cab Drivers and Bartenders for me? Who will beat me up and take my money?"

Reginald felt so sorry for her that he offered to take the place of the Large Men. She agreed.

Thus Reginald gained a prostitute of his own. He beat her up once a week, taking special care not to break her. He kept all her money except for a small allowance for her to live on. He made the arrangements with helpful Cab Drivers and Bartenders.

He grew so adept at this that a second Prostitute asked him to do the same for her. Then another and another and another . . .

Soon, by sticking to his mother's rule of giving honest value for value received, Reginald grew very rich. He had hundreds of Prostitutes working for him in all sections of the big city.

But none of them had a Heart Of Gold.

Before long, Reginald bought an estate in the country. Once there, he did not forget his mother and father. One day a huge moving van found its way to their cottage. A dozen men got out and lifted the structure—inhabitants and all—inside the van. The truck started off again and did not stop until it reached a corner of Reginald's estate where the men placed the cottage on the ground again.

What a joyous scene that was! Reginald was waiting for the two old people. He took them in his arms and told them they would live there always. His mother made three potato sandwiches in order to celebrate.

And Reginald's parents did live there until—as they had once foretold—they died in the old cottage.

All this time, Reginald became richer and richer. But he did not find a Prostitute With A Heart Of Gold.

With his parents' death, Reginald began to give up on his quest. He was becoming respected now. People called him Mister. He hired other men to beat his Prostitutes up and collect their money.

When he decided to marry, he chose beautiful Mary Quinn, the governor's daughter. She'd gone to the finest finishing schools and the best colleges. She could help him become a gentleman. And as he had to pay her father an allowance, anyway, he felt it was nicer to keep the money in the family.

They had a lovely wedding in the largest hotel in the big city, and a honeymoon in Europe. Then they came back to live on Reginald's estate.

The future looked bright. But there was a dark cloud on the horizon. A nasty man named Grunnick did not like Reginald. He was jealous of him. He got together a group of other nasty men and formed a society to hurt Reginald. The society was called The Anti-Vice League.

What happened was terrible. No one had ever treated Reginald this way before. He brooded and snapped at his servants and gunmen. He became very difficult to live with.

Finally, Governor Quinn shot himself.

They took away Reginald's prostitutes. They took away his money. They took away his big estate. Then they sent him to live in a grim place surrounded by high walls and with iron bars on the windows.

Everyone deserted Reginald except Mary. She kissed him goodbye, smiled a sunny smile and told him not to worry.

"I will take in washing while you're gone," she said. "When you come home, we'll have a nice apartment and

some money of our own."

And so it came to pass. Three years later, Reginald left the grim place with high walls and iron bars on the windows. Mary was waiting for him.

He could see she must have taken in a tremendous amount of washing. Her clothes were good. The apartment was there just as she'd promised. And she had managed to put together a bank account of \$17,500.

"I'm an excellent laundress," she said when he asked her.

The money was Mary's homecoming present to Reginald. With it, he was able to start all over again. He did not need to worry about the Anti-Vice League anymore. Grunnick was no longer in the big city. He had moved to Switzerland after being queried on his Federal Income Tax returns.

Once again, Reginald grew very rich. Once again, he had hundreds of Prostitutes working for him. Now, however, he did not bother to inquire if they had Hearts Of Gold. He knew by now that was just a myth.

Reginald bought another estate in the country. There, he and Mary had six children—three boys and three girls.

One day, when Reginald was just 99 years old, he died quietly in his sleep. Two days later, Mary followed him.

They had a very big funeral. Since Reginald had long since sold his interest in Prostitutes and bought computing machine stock instead, all the finest people attended.

The only strange incident occurred the day before the funeral at the parlour where they were preparing Mary's body. That was when a young mortician made the strangest discovery he was ever to make. He was used to finding artificial parts in people. Gold teeth and silver-plated heads never fazed him. But a solid gold heart was something else again!

Being a quick thinking young man, he managed to hide the heavy piece of metal and kept it for himself. A few days later, he sold it, quit the mortician business and bought a half interest in a Las Vegas gambling house.

But that is another story . . . □□



"I dare you to come up to my room and take off your uniform and say that!"

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SPIDER

(Continued from page 32)

six weeks or a month, or after a week, maybe, but Friday she's in and Monday she's gone for good, and old Paulie is just left to look at his hands.

"What the hell," I said, trying to show him some sympathy. "She say something, I mean like good-bye, or see you at lunch or something?"

"Sure she said something," Paul said, and when he stood up his bare shoulders sort of sloped forward, but then he was built like that.

"Well, what?"

"Two words," he answered. "And then she left."

"A brilliant gesture," I said. "I gather she won't speak well of you at the saloon."

If he had been upset, Paul now collapsed in despair.

"Ruined," he moaned. "My reputation a mess."

I thought for a minute and then my brilliant mind, after years of experience in subterfuge and spite, concocted the coup of its career.

"Jump the gun," I said. "Get down there fast and spill it that you threw her out because she made you a member of the VD club."

And that was how it started, a mythical case of VD that developed almost overnight into a full scale epidemic. In the first place the kid had been around a lot longer than either Paul or I suspected, and when the old boy dropped the bomb into everybody's beer there was a general exodus, like every cat in the place had to go home and count corpuscles.

So when she walked in the door there was only me and Paulie surrounding a corner table and she came up and sat down with us.

"You mad at him?" I said, finally. I never could stand long silences.

"Nope," she said. "Like he just ain't worth spit, honey."

Paul hung his head and moaned.

"He's pretty ugly," I said. "Seems to make up for it, though."

"Not with me," she smiled. "Now, you . . ."

"Me?" I hadn't thought of her at all. She was blonde and white, very pale and white, and bony and little and I never could see it at all. She reminded me of some kind of dried, white spider, like maybe the Indians made stew out of in South America.

"I go for the dark, swarthy type ones," I said. And that was the truth, so help me. Give me a nice, meaty Hungarian or a fine thick-legged Italian peasant type any time. You can keep the spiders; the world is full of them.

"This jerk," she pointed to Paul who had just pushed a speculative finger down into his glass of beer. "He thinks it's for drawing pictures."

"Aw no," I said. "Not him, the great lover, known from coast to coast for his perseverance."

"His perseverance is the shortest on record," she said.

"Oh no," Paul moaned. "I'm going home, I'm ruined; I'll have to get analyzed or something."

"He hates to spend money," I commented after Paul had left. "But I don't mind."

I motioned to the bartender.

"I'll buy you a beer after which I shall go home." And I added, "Alone."

"What's your perseverance?" she asked, with a twinkle in her eye.

So that night I got a case of the mythical VD.

For the next six weeks practically everybody in the Village carried himself carefully through the streets. There was very little mixing, the saloons were empty and you could almost count on anybody everywhere below 14th Street being home any time you go looking. Me, I had the spider all over me and there was no getting rid of her.

And she was expensive. She ate a lot and she drank a lot and she never went home.

"Haven't you got any clothes?" I asked her.

She had this brown shirt and a bright red sweater, knee-socks and flat practice slippers, no pants and an old

blue bra. She took a bath every day, sometimes twice a day, but she never washed the garments and everything smelled.

Finally I told her that she had to get out, that I couldn't stand it any longer, that six-seven weeks with a person you don't like is more than par for the course. How Paul had ever wanted this wretch in the first place I just couldn't see.

When she finally did leave, the epidemic was just about over and the Village was getting back to normal. Some cats were even beginning to laugh at it.

And then I found out that Paul had really pulled a dirty one. He went to the Public Health Service and they sent an inspector out to my pad and the next thing I knew I was getting frisked for all sorts of things. I got taken down to their torture chambers, worked over from top to bottom, jabbed with needles, poked with fingers in every place possible, and finally thrown out on the street without one remnant of human dignity.

So I zoomed down to Paul's place with blood in my eyes and who do you think I find there, sitting on the bed with her shoes off, the red blouse on the floor and that damned blue bra just hanging on her because it wasn't snapped in the back.

"Hello," she said.

"Where's Benedict Arnold?" I asked.

"He went out to get a bottle of wine." She put one hand to her shoulder and started to take off her bra. "Come here," she said.

Well, I don't usually run. I mean, in a tight spot I'll walk away like I got something better to do, but after that health service bit and all I'm telling you I was scared. I took off. I didn't stop for nobody.

I used to think that anything above 14th Street was the Bronx. Well, now I live in the Bronx and I know the difference. I mean I hear talk about the Village and about Beatniks and all like that, but I don't follow it. Man, I've had it. Those phoneya down there make me sick, and even that was phoney. □□

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ABOUT GIRLS

(Continued from page 43)

JAIL BAIT

One forgets that the symbol of the romantic female, Juliet, no less, was really jail bait, being a scant fourteen at the time she and Romeo were an item. This fresh stuff is for those who would sacrifice a bit of seasoning for the tenderness of the morsel itself. She is the peculiar prey of the fatherly type who, in his kindly desire to educate her, proceeds to subject her to the very things he would caution her against. We say, be patient—kill time rather than do time. Soon she will be a mature woman of eighteen.

GOLD DIGGER

This one knows the price of everything and the value of nothing being done without payment in advance. A bachelor of average means confronted by this sort finds himself in a stalemate situation. Each has what the other wants. Simple barter is in order here but, against your short funds, she has unlimited natural resources. You may try a marginal operation for a time here, but she will sell you short the first time you fail to cover. Unlike the pro, this prospector does not make the mistake of operating on too small a scale and so escapes the stigma the other accepts and endures. The G.D. regards love as big business and she knows her business. She can tell whether you are paste or real at twenty paces and measures the B.T.U.s in the warmth of her greeting at so much per karat. The purest example of her ilk to come to our attention is a jewel-encrusted dame we know who celebrates New Year's Eve on June 30th, the end of the fiscal year.

ONE OF THE BOYS

Some girls are just what the caption indicates, while other misguided ones aspire to this category and are chagrined when accepted on this basis. A passion for eavesdropping on mental talk sometimes spurs the very young to achieve this dubious position. A desire to be consistent makes them easy marks like the stool pigeons they are. A truly smart feminine dish never

er seeks to diminish the advantage of being different from the boys.

NYMPHO

The nymphomaniac can best be defined as someone who likes something at least as well as you do. The problem here is one of recognition. This may take time, say forty-five minutes, but from then on it is the old question of fighting a wildcat, how to let go and keep face. In the case of this hamadryad, a subtle approach is about as necessary as using a beagle hound in a shooting gallery. She'll ask you and here your eye will be bigger than your stomach for this task. You'll find it rather like trying to keep a ninety-pound tuna in the bottom of the boat.

GIRL FRIEND

This individual is not a true type, she has no identity of her own. In the theater of romance, she is a faceless spear carrier. She is parasitically attached to any one of the other arch-tidbits listed here. Sometimes, generally late at night after the administering of sufficient alcohol, she begins to materialize and may even seem desirable, but in the morning this illusion dissolves. The girl friend is an impediment to progress, a kind of modern duenna. The most attractive thing about her is her prettier companion, whom you have as little chance of seeing alone as you have of seeing *Pagliacci* without *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Oddly enough, her charm and appeal may be evident to other men but never to you . . . and she has a most annoying habit of intermittently bestowing herself upon the unlucky as a Consolation Prize.

THE LADY

The term persists in a form of address (Ladies and Gentlemen) as a plural of which the singular is unknown as in "news." And who is responsible? Why, the Lady herself! She was last seen some years ago jumping into men's trousers, grabbing a lunch box, and rushing for the streetcar with a career glint in her eye, and she hasn't been heard from since. Naturally when the female of a species ceases to exist, her male counterpart, the gentleman, of neces-

sity disappears, having no longer anyone to whom he may address himself. We regret there is no lady in this tale of ours.

OF VIRGINS

In deference to the superstitious among our readers, we will treat of virgins of whom so much has been written in legend and mythology. (We speak of full-grown virgins.) Mind you, we do not deny categorically that such creatures exist; rumors reach our desk constantly; only recently one was reported near Chicago but by an unreliable observer.

Virginity is a condition found in the very young, not unlike the "soft spot" on the head of a baby. It is really nothing to worry about for it usually goes away by itself before the child is very old. If it lingers, virginity proves embarrassing to its possessor as well as her family and friends. Like a lisp, it's cute up to a point.

Identification is difficult. A vine-ripened beauty is reluctant to admit she is one but is indignant if you assume she isn't. She doesn't know whether to feel proud or unwanted. It's all very confusing. You might as well follow the advice in Jail Bait and when you bring them up to the boat and find they're below the legal limit, toss them back like a veteran angler.

FOREIGN BODIES

China Doll: Now don't ask us! We've never been there. But we understand that, in her ancient land, they view sex with greater latitude than we Occidentals, so we feel China offers new horizons to be explored by the migratory bachelor.

Italian Girl: The modern Mona Lisa comes in a wide assortment of colors and sizes. Creeping up the thigh of the Italian boot toward the mountains, we frequently encountered blonde hair as well as brunette. Of equal interest to the tourist is the fact that the native land of Boccaccio and Casanova contributes to the decline and fall of the Roman vampire as regularly as clockwork by sweeping the womenfolk from the streets into darkened interiors through the simple device of closing all shops between

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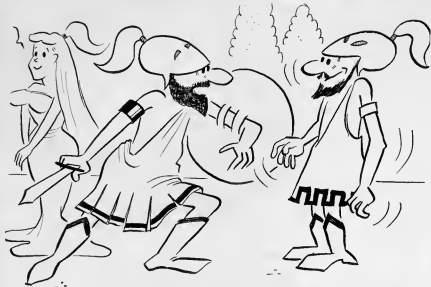
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Redcoat: The English Miss is noted for her complexion which does not stop at the neck (most of the taller Parisian show girls are British). Beneath this smooth insulation are some pretty scalding contents, and a little investigation will reveal that Jane Eyre and Moll Flanders are sisters under the skin. Her haughty manner may put you off but, while you are stammering about a visit to the Tate, she may come out flat-footed, in accents clipped and brittle, and suggest something a little more bracing, by Jove!

Danish Pastry: After a kermess or two in Denmark, we will grant that these Danish cupcakes are an attractive, warm-hearted, generous lot but like the Swedes and Norwegians, they are so damn wholesome and aboveboard about *everything* that we hardly stayed a month. Such hospitality! We left with a sheepish feeling that reminded us of an afternoon in our childhood when we spent hours digging a hole under the center-field fence only to find when we got in that all kids were admitted free—never really enjoyed the game even though the home team won.

Comrade: Forgetting the royal example of Catherine the Great, who made everything, including history, in the boudoir, the modern Russian woman chooses to show her prowess

in the shot-put ring. She is hard to approach as an individual because she generally travels in squads, platoons, or brigades, marching in lock step. But, placing our faith in biology and not to be deceived by a sweat shirt, we say, "Come on out, Ninotchka—we know you're in there."

Vive La France: In our travels we have had the opportunity to observe the French girl at firsthand and could not help but compare her to her obstreperous American cousin. The Gallic belle is affectionate, devoted to man's pleasure, and dedicated to the sound notion that he is the most important thing in life. She is eager to please but retains her fascination and mystery, is well-groomed, yet, above all, is exceedingly feminine. She is, in a word, a *woman*, and this within minutes after reaching puberty, and from then on she never forgets this simple, all-important fact. The only picayunish drawback to her otherwise flawless, petite charm is the fact that she has wide feet.

And the American Girl?: The American is notoriously spoiled and, outside of an attractive facade and figure from head to toe, lacks all the vital assets which are the natural attributes of her Parisian rival, but, nevertheless—we'll take the American girl every time we can! After all, who wants wide feet?

We feel that if a man can master Miss America, all other women in the world present no real problem. A man who can bust a bronco is a prov-

en horseman; all that remains is simple equitation with more tractable mounts.

The rest of this article shall largely concern itself with the care and feeding of the American girl. There are certain ways and means to be employed by the knowing bachelor. We shall discuss them in logical order. Statisticians maintain that for every man (represented by 1.00) in the U.S. there are 1.03 women. This .03 bit of lagniappe is not to be sneered at; it totes up to a margin of some two million or so, forming a pool of romantically unemployed females that is almost enough to make us understaffed bachelors quail at the prospect, and the prospect of quail is no light matter.

In face of this veritable horde of spare parts, the problem of meeting girls should be easy—and so it is. But one thing to keep in mind is that our standards of etiquette date back to a time when women were more scarce in our frontier nation and tradition still dictates the necessity of a proper introduction, lacking, as it may, the formality required in Grand-ma's day. The most notable forward step taken since then is that now the background, character, and reputation of the introducer is of no importance whatsoever. Today anyone, with no more credentials than a felon on parole (your bookie, for instance), can perform this office by simply saying, "Brunhilde, meet my buddy Seigfried," and a light kindles in her eyes and the fat is in the fire.

(Or alternately—"Pocahontas, drop that load of kindling and meet Captain Smith.")

Another marked advance in social protocol is that the character of the man *being* introduced is no longer even relevant. Every American girl has heard the phrase, "Don't speak to any strange men," dinned into her ears so often since she was a child that even the loneliest, love-starved chick is apt to turn on her heel when approached by a stranger. It is not that she questions the moral rectitude of the man but simply that she *does not know his name*. Now, if only some third party steps up and says, "Emily, this is Jack Ripper," she be-

comes all smiles and her foolish juvenile fears vanish.

The time and place of the initial meeting is still as important as ever, but not because of social convention. Ideally, it should occur when and where you have circumstances under your control so that you can follow up any advantage that may occur. Granted, this is not always possible, but if you get off your francis and get around a bit, you'll be surprised at the number of women moving freely about unmolested—and here is where you come in. Women are often to be found in the most prosaic places; supermarkets, department stores, pharmacies, etc. How does one grasp opportunity without risking rebuff or worse?

Using the supermarket for example, a trespasser like yourself might do this: Having spotted some desirable wench in the fruit and vegetable section, start feeling a honeydew melon in a tentative manner. Then, as if talking to yourself, ask, "How can you tell when they are ripe?" and, with a helpless look, catch her eye. In matters domestic, women delight in showing superiority so, in this case, she will confidently take the melon, pressing the ends firmly with her thumbs while you double-check her fingers for a wedding ring. Thank her warmly, continue the conversation casually at the meat counter as she helps you select the best cuts; naturally you will carry her groceries to the car. If she drives off without giving you her phone number, you still have her name and address which surely you caged off her registration slip on the steering column.

Now don't waste all your afternoons hanging around markets sully-ing fruit just because it worked so well that time. There are still such obvious catchalls as bars and restaurants where, if you need our help, you're hopeless. Airplanes and trains are a little more of a challenge but only for the novice. However, save yourself the bother of courting the smiling airline hostess who is secretly married to the pilot anyway.

Should you find yourself alone in a strange town of decent size, you can visit certain establishments where

the girl, because of the nature of her employment, speaks to you first—salesgirls in general and rumba instructors in particular. Chances are good here but even more so if you can affect a Texas drawl as unctuous as an oil well. What might offend in a matter-of-fact northern twang comes out as a compliment in a lazy southern accent.

The offbeat aura of the art museum provides a romantic setting for the beginning of a beautiful friendship. An artist we know, who spends most of his time vainly searching for some girl named Jennie, admitted he found consolation by using the ensuing bilk: Breathing quietly, stand directly behind some delightful creature as she gazes at a *large* picture. When she steps back for a better view and bumps into you, steady her as you apologize, inquire if she is all right—not feeling faint perhaps—and offer to fetch her a drink of water. When she says no, suggest a martini possibly. If she smiles ever so little, make a sweeping gesture at the splendor of the walls laden with those El Grecos and Goyas and say: "Come, let me take you away from all this." And she just might.

Lonely hearts clubs are taboo. If you're despondent enough to go to one of these white-elephant dansants, you'll probably wind up with some misfit no better than yourself, and surely you wouldn't like that. We didn't.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

Cocktail parties clearly afford the best opportunity to get acquainted with new girls, so let's have a party. You both look your best, introductions are routine, and she is constrained by ordinary courtesy to be pleasant. Not only has liquor lubricated your tongues and greased the skids under the inhibitions, but the greater part of the evening is still before you. If she is unsecured, the idea is to sneak up from down wind and scoop her off for dinner. True, you may fail to capture the body, but an introduction, though somewhat short of a writ of habeas corpus, does give you the opening for snagging that sufficient minimum, her phone number.

In order to obtain those useful little digits, you must avoid being too sly or devious because girls arch their backs at transparent and petty deceptions. Don't take the long way around the barn. Come right out and ask her politely, "May I call you sometime?" Never ask, "What is your phone number?" before obtaining the answer to the previous request. Such procedure may provoke a quick comeuppance. Another virtue of the more genteel approach is that, if she grants your wish by giving you her correct number, she has indicated her interest, which gives you a leg up, in a manner of speaking.

Naturally you will give her a buzz as soon as possible because there were other attractive men with similar ideas at that party. She will have had ample time to have forgotten you if many days elapse. There is nothing so embarrassing as hearing a chilly "Who?" after you have called and given your name. Explanations as to one's identity are always lame and feeble and she has you down at the very outset. To avoid this mishap you could have used the C & N Memorable Remark, that is, the use of some outlandish, flattering, or absurd statement which must stick in her mind and give you a favorable tail wind. Almost immediately after being presented to this *average* pretty girl, you might have said any one of these ear catchers:

Have you ever shot the Colorado rapids in a soya-bean canoe?

I certainly want to wish you a lot of luck tomorrow night. (When she expresses surprise by saying she's not doing anything tomorrow night, it's your cut to suggest dinner.) *Let's just keep it a quiet affair—only the immediate family.*

The impudence of the above may make her laugh. This is important; who wants to go all through life one evening with a girl without a sense of humor? Sharing laughter with her creates a feeling of intimacy equaled only by a kiss and even makes that easier. If one of our foregoing katz-enjammers, coupled with the charm of your person, does not make an indelible impression on her, then our names are not Cadwallader and Nudnick.

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Oil Field Technology
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Air Conditioning with Draw'g
Air Conditioning
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Domestic Refrigeration
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Technology
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working from home in
evenings and through
correspondence, my net
earnings as an export
manager's representative
amounted to greater
than my occupational
income for the year. My
wife and I are now en-
tering on a full time
basis.

P. R. CROWE-
SWORDS, Canada

**EXPECTS TO TOP \$100,000
FIRST YEAR**

About a
year ago I
started a
little busi-
ness which
has grown
until I have
a wholesale showroom,
two men on the road, a
delivery truck and a
sales car, with a full
time secretary, and have
just incorporated for
\$50,000. We have bought
thousands of dollars in
merchandise from the
far corners. We are do-
ing over \$1,000 per week
and it's wintertime—ex-
pect to top \$100,000 for
the year.

CHARLIE E. BODEN
Florida

WORKS WITH WIFE IN IMPORT

On my very
first trans-
action I
made \$904
for just four
days' work.
I sold 356

new home-import business...

Now you can get exciting imports at trifling
cost abroad and sell them by mail order, or to friends
and stores. New Plan starts you in full or spare time
without capital or previous experience. Just imagine
the huge profit you could make on this 17-jewel watch
you can get for only \$2.87 in Europe—the 16-mm
camera at just \$2.30, the transistor radio or the hunt-
ing rifle. Mellinger globe-trotting couriers discover
and show you how to get fast-selling imports just like
these—Show you how you can deduct your profit in
advance, even before ordering merchandise.

Famous World Trader Guides You

You'll receive personal step-by-step guidance from B. L. Mel-
linger, one of the most famous international traders the world
has ever known. Mr. Mellinger even shows you how to put ex-
perience you have gained through
jobs, hobbies and interests to work
making extra import profits for you.



MELLINGER CO.,
Dept. D337 • 1554 S. Sepulveda • Los Angeles 25, California



**NEW PLAN SHOWS YOU HOW AND WHERE
TO GET DAZZLING BUYS LIKE THESE FOR
BIG PROFIT U.S. SALES. PRICES SHOWN
ARE DIRECT FROM SUPPLIERS ABROAD.
DO NOT ORDER FROM US...**

You Keep ALL the Profits

This is a NEW idea for making money. Not a catalog "scheme"
or franchise distributor "deal" where you buy catalogs and im-
ports from others and watch them turn the real wealth of your
labor into luxuries for themselves. Mellinger puts you in direct
contact with the ORIGINAL OVERSEAS SOURCE! He
makes no profit on your imports. The profits are all yours. On
one of the lower priced products shown here, an importer fol-
lowing the Mellinger Plan has already taken in a
half million dollars! You, too, can cash in on the
big demand for imports, if you know this method.

Free Samples—CONTACTS ABROAD

Following the Mellinger Home-Import Plan you receive
FREE imports—and membership in International Traders,
a world-wide organization of Importers and Exporters which
helps beginners to a fast start. You will receive confidential
monthly bulletins revealing names and addresses of actual
overseas suppliers. You are shown how you can easily deal
with foreign suppliers, how to get samples, how to make big
savings on your own purchases.

Rush Coupon for FREE Details

Start now to exciting cash profits in the new import
boom. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK, "Success Stories
in World Trade," which will change your whole idea of
the money you can make, full or spare time, in your
own Home Import Business. No salesman will call.
Airmail reaches us overnight.

Send for FREE Book!

MELLINGER CO., Dept. D337
1554 S. Sepulveda, Los Angeles 25, Calif.

Show me how these amazing buys abroad can give
me my own big profit Home Import Business. Rush
book and details without obligation. ALL FREE!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

TV shop lamps to stores
in my town. Your pro-
gram is easy to follow.
My wife and I started
this business together.

DON M. CLYMER,
Alaska

READ WHAT THIS Lady Says

I now have
my own
shop where
I have most-
ly home
accessories
imported

from twelve different
countries. I can still
hardly believe that an-
swering one small ad-
vertisement could bring
so much interest and ex-
citement (and extra
money) into my life as
importing is doing.

ELLEN S.
ADDICOTT,
Indiana

**OVER \$10,000 PROFIT
IN 90 DAYS**
We solicited by airmail

and after definite inter-
est was shown we con-
tacted clients by cable
and international tele-
phone. Our net profit
was \$12,251.00. The Mel-
linger Co. is to be com-
mended on the personal
interest shown in my
progress. You were the
prime source of getting
me well started in the
fascinating business of
international trade.

H. J. OLINGER,
Oklahoma

BEGINNER STARTS QUICK

Last week,
I received
my first or-
der for 100-
000 automo-
bile roller
bearings. I
made \$5,422.31 on this
order. I did not invest
one cent of my money in
the merchandise. My
first order took only 30
minutes to close.

CHARLES N.
TURNER, Texas

I'll "give you the keys
to this brand new car..."
just **30** short days from now!



just 4 orders daily for my super
comfort shoes will make the down payment
for you . . . and you can easily pay the
balance with the profits I'll show you how to make!

230 different air cushioned comfort styles

70 Styles for Women!
Satisfy almost every
taste! Many comfort
features Low-heeled,
high-heeled, casuals,
service shoes and
latest styles!



Smart dress, sport
styles! The last word
in styling! Many fine,
unusual leathers.
Cool Nylon Mesh
styles, moccasins, 2-
tones and Cush-N-
Crepe soled shoes!



30 kinds of work
shoes! A style for
every trade! Special
Neoprene, Cork,
Cushion soles, heel's
... ventilated work
shoes... even Safety
Toe Shoes!



At last... even in your spare time... you can start a business that makes money fast... so fast it can put you in a 1961 car of your choice in one short month! Here's how: At our expense, we'll set you up in a profitable Mason "Shoe Store" business. You need no previous experience... don't invest a dime! James Kelly tried our offer and made \$93.55 in just one evening's friendly work! Yes, everyone wants exciting, Nationally Advertised Mason Shoes. That's why you pocket steady cash profits, enjoy easy repeat sales, big money... plus monthly bonus checks and rich prizes!

YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

It's easy, because you run this "Store" from home. Just show the hundreds of Mason Shoe and Jacket styles to friends, relatives, people at work... and take their orders! It's so CONVENIENT for your customers! You have no inventory... no overhead expenses... yet you keep 100% of the profit!

Mason Shoes SELL FAST!

You'll offer over 230 styles for men and women... featuring foamy soft air-cushion insoles... every shoe so comfortable they almost sell themselves for dress, work, sport wear. You'll have no problem fitting people, because you draw on our stock of over 300,000 pairs... sizes from 2 1/2 to 15, widths from AAAA to EEEE. Your customers are delighted. Remember, Mason Shoes aren't sold by stores... folks must buy these Nationally Advertised Shoes from you.

FREE SELLING KIT!

The moment we receive the coupon below, we'll rush your complete Business Outfit FREE and postpaid! You'll receive a powerful Outfit showing the full Mason line in color; a dramatic 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator; "how-to-make-money" Booklet, special measuring board; National ad reprints... Good-Will Gifts... everything you need to start making big money your very first hour!

START SELLING NOW!

Stop dreaming about that new car... now you can own it by rushing this coupon to us at once! Just 4 easy orders a day will easily give you enough profit in one month to make the down payment—and your profits in this exciting business should soon pay for the car and many other luxuries besides!

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

MR. NED MASON, Mason Shoe Manufacturing Co.
Dept. H343 Chipewa Falls, Wisconsin

Send my FREE Business Outfit Today! I want to start a profitable shoe business and earn up to \$480 a month... and more, so I can start driving my own brand new 1961 car SOON!

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

**RUSH FOR
FREE OUTFIT**

MASON

SHOE MFG. CO.

Dept. No. H343

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

(Leaders in our Industry Since 1904)